The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1889.

The Week.

THE dénouement of the Brazilian revolution is a new thing in history, and shows how commercial is the age in which we live. An emperor who abdicates for a large sum in cash and an annuity is an absolute novelty in politics. Leopold of Belgium made a speech in 1848, from his palace windows, giving notice that he took the throne to accommodate the Belgians, and was ready to leave whenever they were dissatisfied, but he gave no hint that he should expect compensation in money, either in a lump sum or a pension. Amadeo also abandoned the Spanish throne in disgust, but made no terms. In every other case that we can recall, monarchs who have quitted their thrones under duress have gone off without any settlement, if not after a fight. The arrangement with the Emperor of Brazil will, therefore, probably constitute a most useful precedent, which many monarchs will think of with secret satisfaction. King Humbert, we believe, makes no secret of his readiness to retire from his Government whenever the country gives unmistakable proof of a desire to try something else. After what has happened in Brazil, he would undoubtedly expect a retiring allowance of some kind. The Sultan, too, who lives in hourly dread of being driven out of Constantinople, will probably now hold out, when the crisis comes, for a few millions in the way of salve. Nothing could more completely extinguish the old mediæval idea of "divine right." A right which can be appraised and extinguished by dollars and cents cannot be divine.

Senator Frye has expounded the objects of the Pan-American Congress. It is in the first place to show the South Americans our size and resources, and in the next place to get them to adopt us as the arbitrator in their quarrels; they being always, as the Senator politely remarks, "bordering on the ragged edge of revolution." Free trade with them he would on no account permit, except in one or two articles—sugar, for instance, and "a coarse kind of wool grown in South America." He also thought they might be got to adopt "a common silver coin," so as "to facilitate exchange, raise the price of silver, and possibly open some of the closed Western mines." He did not go on to explain how the adoption of a common silver coin would bring more silver into use. People would not use any more silver coins because they were "common," and, if not, how would the Western mines be reopened? But he says the main object of the appropriation was to get a number of their leading men to travel in this country and impress them with our greatness. This process, however, to be effectual, must be frequently repeated. The delegates now here will get old and lazy and stop talking about our greatness, and their sons and nephews will have to be brought on at our expense, and made to go over the old ground. There must also be some provision made for compelling these travellers to give a favorable account of what they see when they get home. If they belittle us, or speak falsely about us, they ought to be punished in some way.

We have received from the British Treasury Department an explanation of the discrepancy between *our* statement of the sums paid by the Imperial Government for the East India and China mail service, and the statement sent by Mr. J. M. Lachlan to Mr. William Eleroy Curtis, and published in a quasi-official document at Washington entitled 'Trade and Transportation between the United States and Latin America,' etc., Mr. Lachlan's statement, it will be remembered, purported to be taken from "the Blue Book, 34th Report of the British Postmaster-General for 1888, presented to both houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty; appendix G, pages 28 and 29," and is vouched for by Mr. Lachlan as "*a literal and verbatim transcript.*" But it appears from the letter we have now received that his statement was *not* a literal and verbatim transcript, but consisted of extract and compilation put together in such a way as to amount to a falsification of the record, making the payment for the East India and China mail service £360,000 larger than it really is. We publish below Mr. Lachlan's "literal and verbatim transcript," and the copy sent to us by a responsible officer of the Government:

MR. LACHLAN'S STATEMENT.

East India and China	£360,000
East India and China—	
Parcel	265,000
Post	2,075

TRUE COPY.

	Contracts.		Payment
	Commencement.	Termination.	
East India and China	1 Feb., 1880	31 Jan., 1888	£360,000
	1 Feb., 1888	31 Jan., 1898	265,000
	1 July, 1885	On six months' notice for parcels post	2,075

It will be noticed that the payment of £360,000 was on an old contract already expired, which had been replaced by a new one at a reduction of nearly £100,000 per year. Mr. Lachlan represented that both sums were paid simultaneously and at the present time, for he carried both into his total.

The following editorial paragraph, appearing originally in the Hartford *Courant*, is doing service in the high-tariff army:

"When the old Connecticut Western Railroad was built, *iron* rails were laid, and they cost $90 a ton. To-day steel rails can be bought for $30 to $32 a ton. The iron rail lasts but a little time; the steel rail is almost imperishable, and it costs but one-third what the iron one used to cost. Let us proceed to anathematize the tariff under whose iniquitous burden this reduction has come about."

The evident intent here is to induce belief that the existing tariff policy has occasioned the recent great reductions in the prices of iron and steel, and strikingly illustrates the manner in which journals claiming to be respectable deceive their readers for party purposes on the tariff question. This may, perhaps, seem to some a harsh accusation, but it is fully warranted, for there is not the shadow of a foundation for the position of the *Courant*; and the author of the paragraph, if he knew anything whatever on the subject, knew it was wholly false at the time he wrote it. There has been a great reduction in the price of iron and steel all the world over during the last thirty or forty years; but this has been due to improved methods of production, and not in the least degree to legislation on the tariff or any other subject. These improvements have mainly originated in Great Britain. So far, moreover, from our tariff policy having encouraged improvements in the manufacture of iron and steel, there is specific evidence that it has retarded their invention or adoption; inasmuch as, by guaranteeing a certain wholly artificial price and profit, it has encouraged the building of furnaces in places where they never ought to have been located, and the continued use of antiquated and wasteful methods of production long after they have been discontinued in other countries. Mr. David A. Wells in his recent book, 'Economic Changes,' has presented indubitable evidence that the aggregate excess of cost of the iron and steel consumed in the United States from 1878 to 1887, above that paid in Great Britain during the same period for a like quantity, has, by reason of our tariff policy, been at least $560,000,000, or an average of $56,000,000 per annum.

Mr. A. B. Valentine, Vermont State Commissioner of Agricultural and Manufacturing Interests, is imitating the example of his fellow-Commissioner in New Hampshire, Mr. Bachelder, in making efforts to secure fuller statistics of agricultural depression in his State, with a view to encouraging immigration. He has just addressed to the "Listers" of every Vermont town a schedule of interrogatories to be filled out and returned to him "for the information of the Legislature, and perhaps for general distribution." These interrogatories relate to the number of abandoned farms in each town, their acreage, the nature of the soil, and the price for which they may be bought, with particulars regarding maple-sugar orchards and the number and condition of the farm buildings. The Commissioner desires like information of farms which are still occupied, but "which can be bought at about the same price as those unoccupied"—an expression very significant as showing that the extent of the agricultural depression is not exhibited by a list of abandoned farms. The questions "How many unoccupied school-houses now standing in your town?" and "How many school-houses once standing

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have now gone to decay?" are full of further melancholy suggestion in a State which, Mr. Valentine says, "is entitled to be the leading Eastern State for the raising of horses, for the products of the dairy, and for general agricultural prosperity." The Commissioner thinks that "great benefit to the State must come from this movement," which he says is "to bring our waste places under cultivation, and refill our abandoned farm and school-houses." But supposing a new population to be brought in by immigration, is it to be expected, whencesoever it may come, that it will be shrewder, thriftier, more intelligent, more industrious, than the native New England population? No Vermonter will allow this. How, then, can the new people, under the same conditions, succeed, when the others failed?

There seems to be no doubt that the political overturning in Iowa will result in the repeal of the prohibitory law, and the substitution of a local-option and high-license system. The Democratic platform declared explicitly for such a system, with a minimum license fee of $500, and Gov.-elect Boies has taken occasion since the election to announce that he will approve no measure which falls short of this. The Legislature is so close that, if the Democrats vote solidly for the repeal of prohibition, less than half-a-dozen Republican votes will be needed, and a number of Republican politicians and editors have declared that they thought Republican members would be justified in bowing to the will of the people, which was so plainly expressed in the contest for Governor, and would have been manifested in the election of a Democratic Legislature also but for the Republican gerrymander of the State.

An amusing objection is made by the few opponents of the Australian ballot system who are now to be found that, in its recent trial in Massachusetts, more persons voted for the candidates for Governor than for other State officers. It is argued that they failed to vote for others either through ignorance or sheer laziness, contenting themselves with making a mark of approval opposite one name only. There is no evidence that there were more cases of this kind in the Massachusetts election than usual. In every election more votes are cast for the leading candidates on the ticket than for the others. Many persons do not vote for local candidates at all who vote invariably for candidates for the principal State and national offices. A ballot system which shall compel every voter to vote the entire ticket, or none at all, is yet to be devised. If it were to be put in operation, it would disfranchise thousands of voters in every election, especially in large cities, where it happens often that for a majority of the local offices not a candidate is named for whom an honest man can bring himself to vote.

There is a good deal of explaining and re-explaining on the part of Gov. Foraker and Mr. Halstead of the way they came to be so wofully deceived about that ballot-box paper that contained the forged signatures of Mr. Campbell, Senator Sherman, and Congressmen McKinley and Butterworth. It appears by the latest accounts that the paper was first put into the hands of Foraker, but that when he saw the signatures of his Republican friends, he was dumfounded. He saw that it was a petard and that somebody would be hoist by it. Not liking to be that person, he said: "I can't have anything to do with this, Halstead, but I will turn it over to you," which he forthwith did. Halstead took it and proceeded to experiment with it, with the results already known. The next time Gov. Foraker gets a queer-looking box which he suspects may contain dynamite, he will perhaps know enough to turn it over to the police instead of putting it in the hands of his next friend.

The Milwaukee *Sentinel* wishes to know our opinion of the following letter:

MY DEAR MR. DEPEW: I don't often ask for favors in the way of passes, but if I could get an annual pass, good until January 1, over the New York Central Railroad—and it would suit me better if I could get it from New York to Erie—in favor of Harry Butterfield, *it would be a great advantage to me in my* fight here in this district.

Although you are a Republican and I am a Democrat, we do not differ much in regard to our views in connection with corporate property, and I may be able to serve these interests should I pull through again.

I am sure the pass would not be used three times between now and January 1.

Yours truly, W. L. SCOTT.

ERIE, Pa., September 25, 1886.

We have no hesitation in saying that it was a most improper letter for the Honble. William L. Scott to write. To its further question, "Is the Honble. William L. Scott a rascal?" we answer that the evidence before us is not sufficient to warrant a decided judgment on this point. This letter may have been the first offence, or it may have been the last such letter written by a man who is now deeply penitent. If we knew what the opinion of the *Sentinel* would be of a Republican who had written such a letter, it would help us greatly in making up our mind. But that the letter shows that there are elements of badness in Mr. Scott's nature is, we think, beyond question. Why a man should so debase himself for six railroad fares between New York and Erie we cannot conceive.

The Kentucky newspapers are preaching vigorously against street fighting on the text furnished by the Swope-Goodloe tragedy. The remedies proposed are various, the most futile being a more rigid enforcement of the law against carrying concealed weapons. The most promising is simply the improvement of Kentucky civilization, a task of considerable difficulty and not to be accomplished in one year or perhaps in ten. The honors paid to the two victims of the late butchery are undoubtedly having an effect on the rising generation, which will not soon wear itself out. The first step to be taken is some rearrangement of the virtues which will put physical courage lower down in the scale. In Kentucky, just now, it occupies the place assigned to it in all barbarous countries—that is, the very highest. There appears to be a presumption in the State against the possession of it by anybody, and this has to be overthrown by readiness to take offence and engage in street fights. It will only go down, as it has gone down in other countries, by the growth of habits of legality. If any one asks how these habits are to be cultivated, the answer is by every agency which multiplies laudable social interests, religion, literature, science and art, trade and commerce.

We have received from time to time copies of a map and diagram showing "why St. Louis is the place for the World's Fair of 1892." The map has three circles, each drawn upon a radius of 500 miles, having their centres at New York, Chicago, and St. Louis respectively, accompanied by tables showing the railroad mileage and the population embraced in each. Thus it appears that within the St. Louis circle there are 77,571 miles of railway and 30,584,905 inhabitants, in the Chicago circle 54,801 miles of railway and 27,430,779 inhabitants, while in the New York circle there are only 34,369 miles of railway and 24,385,707 inhabitants. This might be called "reasoning in a circle." But why, we venture to ask, should miles of railway count for more than miles of waterway? New York is so situated that one-half of her circle falls in the Atlantic Ocean, but the number of miles of highway there is sufficient to bring New York to the head of the list. Moreover, it is not mere population that ought to be counted, but population that is likely to attend a World's Fair. Who so likely to attend as those who are brought into its neighborhood in the course of their ordinary travel? Why not add to the New York list the people who go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters—that is, all who embark here for Europe, the West Indies, Central America, and South America, and all who return hither? If these are reckoned at their true value for World's Fair purposes, New York will take the first place under the St. Louis schedule. If "reasoning in a circle" is applicable to the World's Fair, New York might draw one that would be very much to her advantage. By taking one with a radius of ten miles from the City Hall she could enclose three times the population that could be found within any ten-mile radius at Chicago or St. Louis. This kind of a circle would be very much to the purpose, because it is pretty certain that all the people within ten miles of the World's Fair, except children under four years of age, will visit it at least once, while the same cannot be said of all those within 500 miles.

It seems clear that things are growing better rather than worse in regard to the saloon evil in this city. The President of the Board of Excise is quoted as saying that New York now has fewer saloons, in proportion to the population, than any other city within seventy-five miles of Madison Square, and that this advantage is steadily increasing by reason of the rules regarding licenses now enforced. One of these rules is that no new license shall be granted until an old one has been revoked, and another that whenever an

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application for renewal of license is not made within a certain time, the license becomes a dead letter, and it cannot be renewed, nor can another be issued in its place. By the adoption of these administrative methods the number of places where liquor is sold by the glass has been reduced from 8,219 on the 31st of December, 1887, to 7,310 on the 15th of July, 1889, and there has been a further reduction by 15 or 20 since the latter date. There has thus been a decided decrease in the number of saloons within the past two years, and a still more marked improvement in the ratio of saloons to population, inasmuch as the number of inhabitants has largely increased during this period.

The figures of the Manhattan Railway Company's annual report give ample explanation of the too obvious fact that its cars are uncomfortably crowded during the busy hours of morning and afternoon. The total number of passengers carried on the four lines during the year ending September 30 last was over 179,000,000, or, in round numbers, an average of 491,700 a day. This was about 8,000,000 more than the same lines carried during the preceding year. Of the 179,000,000, the Third Avenue Line carried nearly 70,000,000, or an average of about 192,000 a day; the Sixth Avenue Line carried over 58,000,000, or a daily average of about 160,000; the Second Avenue Line carried over 33,000,000, or a daily average of over 90,000; and the Ninth Avenue carried over 18,000,000, or a daily average of nearly 50,000. The increase has not been uniform on the four lines, the Third Avenue carrying 1,600,000 of it, or nearly 5,000 a day more than during the previous year; the Sixth Avenue carrying over 5,000,000 of it, or a daily increase of about 14,000; the Second Avenue carrying about 800,000 of it, or a daily increase of over 2,000; and the Ninth Avenue over 300,000, or a daily increase of about 850. It will be noticed that the Sixth Avenue Line has carried more of the increase than all the other lines combined, five of the eight millions of additional travellers going into the already crowded cars of that road. This is striking testimony to the really marvellous growth of the west side.

It is no slight feat in railroad management to "handle" nearly a half-million passengers a day without serious accident, but this is what the Manhattan Company has succeeded in doing. There have been from time to time slight accidents, but they are trivial when the enormous amount of the traffic is taken into account. That there is a vast amount of discomfort for thousands of people every morning and every evening is unquestioned, but this is due not to defects of management, but to the inadequacy of the system to meet the demands upon it. No management can accomplish the impossible, and it is the impossible which confronts the Manhattan Company every day of its existence. The overcrowding will be much worse this winter than it was last, and it was nearly intolerable then. There is no remedy but a new and comprehensive system of rapid transit, either above or below ground; and until the public gets that, it must make up its mind to find the work of getting from one end of the city to the other a steadily increasing hardship.

Tammany is throwing "Turner the Iceman" overboard as a candidate for the Sixth District in Congress, owing to the discovery that he was once a lieutenant in the Salvation Army. In what way this disqualifies him, from the Tammany point of view, is not very clear. But the fact that so little was known of the "Iceman's" antecedents, shows what pitfalls lie in Tammany's path in choosing candidates. The Convention is to meet to-morrow, and it is now said that the "Iceman" will be remorselessly set aside. His having once belonged to a religious organization of a somewhat uproarious character will more than counterbalance his poverty and his connection as a driver of a cart with the business of distributing ice, and, we may add, his unquestioned democracy of sentiment and opinion. In his contest with Mr. Lispenard Stewart in the Eighth District for the Senate, he pressed Stewart hard with the charge of keeping a man-servant and having white hands, displaying the horniness and discoloration of his own with much effect to the assembled multitude. Surely these things ought to wipe out the Salvation Army stain.

Sympathy is certainly due to Miss Caldwell, the American heiress who did not marry Prince Murat, if it be true that that pampered descendant of an innkeeper said, when taking leave of her: "Mademoiselle, the offer you make is too liberal for a butler, but not liberal enough for a husband." This was in reference to the sum of $10,000 per year for pocket money which Miss Caldwell proposed to allow him, in addition to the expenses of the household. Everybody must agree that $10,000 ought to suffice for a man whose board-bill, wines, opera-box, and horse-keeping are already provided for. He can hardly spend more than $2,000 on clothes in the present state of the fashions. He could not possibly smoke $500 worth of cigars in a year without undermining his health. The travelling expenses of an elderly married man ought not to exceed $1,500, in all conscience. This leaves $6,000 surplus, which would be a great temptation to gambling if the Prince were addicted to that vice, but we believe he is not. Probably Miss Caldwell, mindful of the inconveniences attending a surplus in her own country, thought she was doing the Prince a service in not exposing him to such embarrassments. However that may be, we must say that the young woman exhibited prudence beyond her years. The unfeeling remark attributed to the Prince about the butler and the husband deserves a rebuke from the American Minister at Paris.

Mr. J. E. C. Bodley, writing in the last *Nineteenth Century* an interesting and highly sympathetic article on "Roman Catholicism in America" and its great progress during the past century, says that if "the elder branches" of the Church are well advised, "they will look to America to provide the Church Universal with a ruler," or, in other words, will make a Pope out of one of the American Cardinals. This would be a break with the tradition of the last three centuries and a half, which prescribes that the Pope shall invariably be an Italian. It has been already weakened by the loss of Rome as the Papal Capital, but there is little doubt that if it were once broken, and all the Catholic nations admitted to competition for the tiara, the fixity of policy which now gives the Church so much of its dignity and authority would soon go. She would soon become as changeable as all other organizations, and, though change is a law of the universe, it is only the unchangeable which commands the highest reverence of the race. Every new Pope would have new views, and the College of Cardinals would became a "progressive institution."

Parnell has failed in his attempt to get his suit against the London *Times* pushed to trial now, the *Times* having early in the summer obtained a postponement on the ground that it would not be fair to try the case until the Parnell Commission had put in their report. This order, obtained from a judge in chambers, has been confirmed by the full bench, so that the case will now probably not be heard till March or April. Among the new things which it is said will appear on it, is Pigott's diary, which some of the Home-Rulers were shrewd enough to get hold of with some other papers as soon as the news of his suicide arrived. The Parnell Commission's report is said to be nearly ready, and if Sir Henry James's speech does not necessitate serious modifications in it, might now be sent in at almost any time. The interest in it will probably be greater than seemed likely after the Pigott exposure. It will undoubtedly furnish materials for a great many stump speeches on both sides. The impartiality and fulness with which the *Times* has reported the proceedings of the Commission is, under the circumstances, a remarkable example of "journalism" in the highest and widest sense of that much abused term. But it is not more remarkable than the fulness and impartiality with which the same paper reports the speeches of the leading English politicians on both sides all over the country. Not one word or phrase is omitted, no matter how hardly it may bear on the *Times* itself or on the cause with which it is associated. No ridicule or caricature or burlesque, and no attempt to belittle any meeting of its political opponents, are ever allowed to find its way into any report. Everything is described exactly as it occurs. The value of such a newspaper to a free and active political community can hardly be overestimated, in spite of the character of its editorial columns, in which one finds all the usual faults of partisan journalism. There its opponents are all the usual journalistic fools and knaves and humbugs and simpletons and demagogues and liars,

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NEW SILVER PROJECTS.

SINCE the results of the November elections became known there have been outgivings at Washington from time to time that the Administration was about to astonish the country with a new silver policy. According to one set of authorities, the President was to recommend the calling of a new international conference to promote bimetallism. According to others, he was to recommend free coinage—*i. e.*, the silver standard in place of the gold standard. Still others believed that the suggestion would be made that Congress pass a declaratory resolution in favor of increasing the monthly coinage of silver dollars from $2,000,000 to $4,000,000 per month, although the discretion to do so is already lodged with the Secretary of the Treasury by law. Whatever the forthcoming proposal might be, it was suspected by the opposition that the main object would be to create a new issue in politics in order to divert public attention from the tariff, since upon the latter question the Republican party is somewhat divided against itself, and is manifestly losing ground.

The Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post* furnishes an explanation of the riddle which we think will prove to be the correct one. He tells us that Secretary Windom will ask Congress to authorize him to issue silver certificates in exchange for *bullion* deposited at any of the mints or assay offices, provided, however, that this bullion shall be the product of American mines exclusively, no Mexican stuff or German Treasury slops being allowed; that the coinage of bullion into dollars be left discretionary with the Secretary as to amount, so that it may be governed by the public demand for such dollars; that the certificates be issued on the basis of the *market value* of the bullion expressed in *dollars* at the time of issue, not in ounces, because the certificates are intended to be used as currency; and finally that the Secretary be authorized to sell silver as well as to buy, in order to give the Government some control over the market instead of being at the mercy of silver-producers and speculators.

This scheme, if correctly outlined, is the most fantastic of all the devices put forth for dealing with silver since the present Coinage Act went into effect. The objections to it are so numerous that they cannot be treated in a single article, but we may enumerate some of them. We now have six kinds of currency, not including the fractional currency or small change, viz., gold dollars, silver dollars, gold certificates, silver certificates, greenbacks, and national-bank notes. Three of these, the gold dollars, the silver dollars, and the greenbacks, are legal tender; the bank notes are legal tender when offered to national banks only; the certificates, being merely evidences of deposit like warehouse receipts, are not legal tender. No confusion has arisen from this multifariousness since the Government has kept all the different kinds of dollars at par with gold. It is now proposed to add a seventh to the list, and what is this seventh? It is another warehouse receipt, a receipt for bullion expressed in the form of dollars. Is it to be legal tender? Apparently not. It would hardly be thought proper to give a higher character to receipts for bullion than to receipts for coin. Is the Government to stand in the gap and protect the holders of these receipts in case silver declines in value after the receipts are issued? This would seem to be necessary, since otherwise the certificates would have no currency. They would not circulate. Nobody would accept them at par to-day unless he were assured that they would be at par to-morrow.

Other questions will suggest themselves to any instructed person who examines the project. What measures, for example, can be taken to insure that only American silver shall be taken on deposit? Silver is admitted, duty free, under our tariff. All silver is alike. The country is full of silver spoons and forks and household utensils, some of which are always going into the melting-pot. Is this kind of bullion to be taken on deposit? But the question of foremost importance relates to the legal-tender character of the certificates, and this looms up before the free-coinage party, whose Convention is to meet at St. Louis on the 26th inst. This party will not accept Mr. Windom's plan as a compromise. They are determined now to have all or nothing. But they cannot make an inch of progress unless they can have the character of legal tender impressed upon silver certificates, for if the American people are put to the necessity of lugging silver about in their clothes or in wagons, they will reject the silver standard with loathing just as soon as they have practical experience of it. What the legal difficulties are, and how great a transformation the "legal tendering" of certificates would produce in our system of Government, Mr. John Jay Knox gave us some idea of in his speech at the recent Bankers' Convention at Kansas City, which our readers will find reported in the *Independent* of last week.

MR. GIFFEN ON THE BIMETALLISTS.

MR. ROBERT GIFFEN, the English economist, has allowed himself for some years back—four or five certainly—to be quoted and vaunted by the bimetallists as a supporter of their theory. His patience or connivance, however, seems at last to be exhausted, and he has administered to them, in the last number of the *Nineteenth Century*, one of the severest rebuffs they have ever received. He says he has "been frequently claimed by the bimetallists as going a long way with them," "but in no respect," he says, "do I go any way with the bimetallists, not even the fraction of an inch; and apart from the interest of the present problem itself, I am the more ready to avail myself of the opportunity of discussing it because it enables me to explain how different is my own view of the relation between the quantity of money and prices from that quantitative theory of money which is the foundation of the bimetallic theory itself."

His difference with the bimetallists is briefly this: They assume that the monetary use of the precious metals is the preponderating use. He maintains that the non-monetary use is the preponderant use—that is, that the quantity of the precious metals used for other purposes than money, in the form of plate and ornaments and hoards, is greater than the amount used for coin; that the stock of gold in England alone used in plate, watches, and jewelry equals probably £50,000,000, while the stock of gold coin is about £60,000,000, and the stock of silver held in non-monetary uses is two or three times the amount held in money, which is about £20,000,000. He says the demand for gold for non-monetary uses is almost equal to the entire annual production, and the demand for silver for such uses about half the annual production. All such silver and gold is merchandise simply. Coin used for hoarding—that is, either as hidden treasure, or as the reserves of banks or the guarantee of paper money and checks—he treats as simple merchandise, or at all events as non-monetary metal. Token money, or quasi-token money, he also treats as non-monetary merchandise. He treats as money only that part of the precious metals which is actually in circulation for the daily buying and selling of the community, the demand for which is regulated by the habits and customs of the people, and in ordinary times varies very little, or is nearly a fixed quantity per head of population. He also treats as merchandise that portion of money used as a guarantee of wholesale payments between one country and another. The demands on this are demands for merchandise, and when more money is wanted they supply it in the ordinary way. In fact, the whole stock of gold is a reservoir from which the demand for money—always imperious—can at any time be satisfied.

His general conclusion is, therefore, that the ratio of exchange between gold and silver and other articles can only be fixed by the influences which affect those articles, and that, far from gold and silver fixing the price of other articles, it is the price of other articles which fixes the price of gold and silver. There is absolutely no difference in gold and silver from any other merchandise, and the theories which presuppose some special and peculiar difference, because the precious metals are used for money, are a "palpable delusion." He also denies that gold and silver are for monetary uses interchangeable, because they do not serve the same purpose. They perform different functions. One answers the needs of rich and advanced communities, the other that of poor and struggling ones; and on this point he turns against the bimetallists the experience of France — their great *cheval de bataille*.

He then goes on to examine how a "theory so baseless as the [bimetallic] theory came to be formed." "After so much bimetallic clamor as we have had, sober men," he says, "may be interested to see how overwhelming is the economic opinion against the bimetallist, and how little claim bimetallism has to be a competing monetary theory with monometallism." The origin of the

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delusion he finds in Sismondi. No other economist of any standing has, until our time, given any countenance to it. Sismondi based it, he maintains, on a blunder as to the facts of French coinage, and "is no authority on this question, never having studied it at all." He winds up with the following very discouraging remarks on the labors of our bimetallist friends:

"Such as he is, however, Sismondi is not only the original but he is still the leading authority, as far as I know, for the bimetallic view, and I know of no fuller exposition of the theory of a fixed ratio, which appears simply to have grown like a fungus, assimilating any other theory which happened to be handy, as it has done with the quantitative theory of money. Not only are there no exponents of the bimetallic theory to set against the exponents of the monometallic theory, which has a greater array of economic authority on its side than almost any other conclusion which can be named, but there is no consistent exposition of principles and facts anywhere which can be appealed to at all by the bimetallic rank and file.

"There is nothing, therefore, in the genesis and development of the bimetallic theory of a pool of money and an interchange between gold and silver to entitle it to any respect. The theory is itself rotten throughout, as we have seen, and it is of bastard origin altogether. It is not in the line of economic tradition at all, paving the way for something better, as a first hypothesis to explain difficult facts, and useful, therefore, notwithstanding errors, in the historical study of the subject. It comes, on the contrary, after a true and sufficient theory had been expounded by the greatest authorities, on which the student must still fall back, passing over altogether the bimetallic theorists, who have only interrupted and obstructed the study."

A MORAL FROM LEXINGTON.

THE Lexington tragedy has attracted the attention of the whole country, and provoked earnest discussion from the entire press, North and South. This is natural and proper. When things have come to such a pass that the Kentucky member of the National Committee of one of the great parties slashes a fellow-partisan to death, and is killed himself, in a fight that grew out of an ordinary political difference, it is certainly time to stop and think.

The first idea that occurs to many people, especially if they belong to the school which believes in a paternal government, is that something ought to be done by law to stop such things. It is, of course, a shocking outrage that men of such standing in their community as Goodloe and Swope should go about day after day expecting to kill or be killed—or both, as actually happened. The State ought to prevent it, short-sighted people may naturally say; and, indeed, if they are extremely near-sighted, it would not be strange if they should say, that, if the State will not or cannot stop it, the Federal Government should interfere.

But a moment's reflection will show how absurd it is to think of putting a stop to such slaughters as the recent one at Lexington by passing a law. The State of Kentucky has long had a law designed to guard the sanctity of human life, which forbids the carrying of concealed weapons; but the existence of that law did not prevent Goodloe from carrying the knife which he expected to thrust into Swope's body, or Swope from carrying the pistol which he expected to discharge into Goodloe's body. Nor would the affixing of heavier penalties than now exist for the breaking of this law have deterred either Colonel from breaking it every day. The only thing which will prevent Col. Goodloe's successor as the Kentucky member of the Republican National Committee from carrying a knife and slashing a political rival to death, if what he considers to be the occasion arises, will be the development of a public sentiment which condemns a man for such conduct in Kentucky just as Senator Sherman would be condemned in Ohio, or Congressman Dingley in Maine, if either of them should kill a fellow-partisan for no better reason.

There is a moral in this Lexington incident for such men as Senator Sherman, Congressman Dingley, and the other Republicans who talk as though the troubles about elections in many Southern States could be removed by the simple device of passing a Federal election law. "Unless something can be done by Congress to secure fair elections," said Mr. Dingley's Lewiston *Journal* the other day, "we may as well make up our minds that, outside of Kentucky, Missouri, and Tennessee (where there was a large Union white element, and where the black vote is small), the South will be held solidly Democratic in all elections, even though the Republicans have large majorities of the votes." Many other Republican newspapers take the same view as the *Journal*, that the whole difficulty is only a matter of law—or, rather, of the absence of law—and that if Congress will only enact a statute, there will be no further trouble.

The difficulty about elections at the South grows out of the admission to the suffrage of a race only recently released from slavery and destitute of the qualifications required to participate in the Government. Of the many hundreds of thousands of negroes in the South suddenly invested with the ballot twenty years ago, there were probably not 5,000 who would have been entitled to vote under the educational qualification enforced in Massachusetts. Just before these ignorant Southern negroes were given the ballot by the legislation and constitutional amendments of the reconstruction era, Kansas—"bleeding Kansas"—voted (in 1867) nearly two to one against allowing the few stray colored men in that strongly Republican State to exercise the suffrage. It is the plain truth, which will be confessed by every candid man, that there is not a Republican State in the North which, if by some sudden transformation of its electorate it had suddenly come to have a majority of its voters composed of ignorant and often barbarous negroes, as occurred in South Carolina and Mississippi, would have allowed that majority to rule. What has happened in the South would have been inevitable under similar circumstances in the North.

Fair play for the negro will come in any State only when public sentiment demands and enforces it. Kansas again illustrates how slow is the growth of this sentiment under the most favorable circumstances. A good many negroes migrated from the lower Mississippi Valley into that State about ten years ago, and in 1882 the Republicans nominated a colored man for Auditor. There was no objection to him except his color, and yet his color alone cut down his vote in the State 13,122 below the white candidate for Secretary of State. Only two weeks ago, in the county which includes Topeka, the capital of the State, a colored candidate for County Clerk came within 314 votes of getting beaten simply because he was colored, while white candidates on the same ticket received majorities of 1,225 and more.

The situation in the South is only an aggravation of what still exists in Kansas. That State has advanced beyond the point it occupied twenty years ago, when its whites voted nearly two to one against allowing the few blacks to vote at all, but the black man, because of his color, still runs the risk of defeat when he is a candidate for office. Common sense should teach us to expect the prejudice against the negro to be infinitely stronger and far more lasting in the South than in Kansas. It is that prejudice which stands in the way of his having fair play in elections. He will enjoy equal rights only when the public sentiment of the South condemns that prejudice. Neither the legislative nor the executive department of the Federal Government, nor both combined, can remove that prejudice or prevent its effects at the polls, because any legislation which might be enacted would depend ultimately for its enforcement, as all laws everywhere depend, upon the public sentiment of the community, which is still governed by that prejudice.

Congressman Dingley might just as reasonably say that, unless Congress can do something to make men like Goodloe and Swope stop carrying concealed weapons, we must expect Lexington tragedies, as to say that, unless Congress can do something to secure fair elections at the South, we must expect intimidation and fraud. Lexington tragedies will cease when Kentucky sentiment condemns them—not before. Unfair elections at the South will cease when public sentiment in the South condemns them—not before. Kentucky must work out her own salvation in this matter of deadly encounters between "gentlemen"; and in like manner, as Mr. Dingley's Republican colleague, Mr. Butterworth, has well said of the election matter, "the South will have to work out its own salvation." In both cases there is likely to be great occasion for patience on the part of outsiders.

STREET CLEANING.

A MORNING contemporary, speculating on the reasons why the streets of New York are no better as regards cleanliness than those of Constantinople, says:

"Why is it that we are thus behind the capitals of Europe in our civic arrangements and our municipal administration? It is not that our people are less intelligent or energetic, less wealthy or less willing to contribute of their wealth for public purposes, than those of London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. In fact, they pay heavy taxes, and would certainly pay them ungrudgingly if they could see the results in solid public improvements. They would be willing to pay for fine docks, grand boulevards, good pavements, clean and well-lighted streets, handsome public buildings, and all the appointments of a first-class metropolitan city if they

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had any assurance of getting them by a liberal and at the same time honest and economical expenditure of their money. There's the rub."

That is not "the rub" at all. The tax-payers of New York pay the bills that the tax-gatherer presents to them, because they must. They pay, not because they like to, but because their property will be levied on and sold if they do not pay. Whether these bills are for street cleaning, or for water supply, or for policemen's salaries, they do not particularly inquire. They know that the law possesses enginery to enforce payment, and therefore they pay. Some few make a practice of going before the Board of Estimate and Apportionment and giving their opinion on the subject of the specific needs of the city. Of this small number who show themselves once a year inside the rooms of the tax-levying authorities, not one in ten ever urges that more money should be spent for street cleaning. Nor are they at all concerned lest the street-cleaning money should not be honestly expended. Nine out of ten of them are large taxpayers, who are only concerned to keep the total appropriation down to the smallest aggregate sum. A few who are moved by public spirit ask for larger appropriations for school-buildings or charities or some specific purpose in which they feel an interest.

The real "rub" is that the people of New York do not appreciate clean streets until they have made a journey to Europe and seen the difference between clean streets and dirty ones. They go away from home thinking that New York is about as fine a thing in the way of a modern city as can be found anywhere. The average condition of its streets is a subject that is hardly ever in their minds, they are so used to filth under foot. After making a tour of Europe, longer or shorter, their first exclamation after landing at home is, "How confoundedly dirty the streets are!" Although they may not have noticed the streets of London, Paris, Berlin, or the lesser towns at all during their absence, yet the contrast comes upon them suddenly when they disembark at home, and they then perceive that they have been made acquainted in the Old World with one mark and achievement of civilization that they had never felt the want of, namely, clean streets. Then they feel ashamed of themselves, of their city, and of their country for a few weeks, and perhaps they write a letter to the newspapers. But soon they get immersed in their business or their pleasures, and gradually the fit passes off. They become again used to mud, torn newspapers, telegraph tape, horse droppings, ashes, and garbage. These things become part of their daily life, like the weather, and they think no more about them until they go abroad again. The one thing they never think of at all is what the *Times* calls "the rub." They never say to themselves, "We would go in for clean streets if we were not afraid that the politicians would steal the money." That idea applies to every kind of improvement and every kind of expenditure, but not to street cleaning more than to other things.

No, the real reason why we do not have clean streets is that, upon the whole, we do not care for them. We can have what we do care for, beyond a doubt. The politicians will give us anything that we really want. Tammany Hall would as soon spend money for street cleaning as for any other purpose, and would not steal or waste any larger percentage of it than on school-buildings, or armories, or other municipal undertakings. Whenever the citizens rise up and say, in thunder tones, "We demand better streets," all the politicians on the Island of Manhattan—all who are in office or expect soon to be—will join in the chorus. They will have the same fits of cleanliness that the majority have. Brooms, mops, shovels, buckets, sapolio, pearline will be the insignia of Tammany Hall, the County Democracy, and the Republican Machine whenever these things become popular. And the stealings and squanderings, we repeat, will not be more in proportion than in any other municipal expenditure.

Mr. Andrew D. White in his comparison between New York and Constantinople has exaggerated nothing. He might have gone further into the Orient to find a parallel to the habitual condition of our side streets. He might have taken Smyrna or Bagdad for example without doing any violence to the truth. Except Broadway and Fifth Avenue and the cross streets in the wealthy quarter where private enterprise supplements the efforts of the street-cleaning forces, the streets are grimy and unsightly in dry weather, inky and pasty in wet weather, and unwholesome in all weathers, just like the alleys of Turkey, Persia, and Morocco. It is certainly not more difficult to keep the east side of New York in good condition than the East End of London. Yet the streets of the East End of London are kept clean. Whatever may be said of the interiors of the houses, the thoroughfares are always fit for a civilized people to walk or drive in. And yet London has more dirt to contend with than we have, because she uses soft coal, and has a moist climate, and she uses less water per capita. The combination of soot and fog peculiar to that city adds much to the difficulty of keeping the streets clean, yet the difficulty is overcome not merely in the aristocratic quarters, but in all the quarters of that mighty metropolis. The cities of the continent are even better swept and garnished than London.

The vice of bad streets is an American vice. Some of our large cities are more tidy than New York, but some are worse. Boston is an example—by no means striking, however—of the former and Chicago of the latter. Taking the country as a whole, dirty streets are the rule and clean ones the exception. We had best acknowledge the truth that we are lacking or lagging in civilization. Our want of appreciation of street cleanliness is akin to our want of appreciation of the fine arts. As we discourage systematically the importation of pictures and statuary by onerous taxes, imposing, for example, a fine of $15,000 for the introduction of a portrait by Rembrandt and $40,000 for the "Angelus," not for any purpose of protection, but in sheer barbaric spite, it is no wonder that the same animus should make little account of muddy boots, and should look upon clean ones as a reproach to democracy.

A REMARKABLE JUDICIAL DECISION.

THE recent decision of Justice Williams, at Utica, in the case of Peters vs. Borst, concerning the ownership of a star-catalogue, is of as much interest to the public at large as to professional astronomers. It will surprise every one to learn that the results of more than three years' assiduous labor of a brother and two sisters, performed "for love" in the privacy of the home circle, may become the property of another party without any compensation whatever. Still more surprising must it be to learn that, in addition to supplying the results of their work gratuitously, they may be compelled to pay the claimant a round sum in cash as interest on its estimated value from the time that they refused to surrender it to him.

The circumstances under which this curious legal decision has been rendered are worth recounting. The plaintiff is an eminent astronomer, a professor in Hamilton College, and the director of its observatory. The defendant was an assistant in the observatory, whose salary was paid by a benefactor of the College. The plaintiff, like many other working astronomers, sorely felt the need that innumerable observations of stars scattered through astronomical publications of every kind should be collected and published in the form of a single convenient catalogue. He had for many years been in the habit of collecting the books necessary for this work, and from time to time had made calculations which might ultimately prove useful in forming such a catalogue. But he found the work so far beyond his power that he does not ever seem to have entertained the idea of bringing it to a conclusion. When the defendant became his assistant, he suggested to him that it would be a creditable thing for a young astronomer like himself to take up this work and carry it through. The defendant accepted the advice, took the papers which his chief had already prepared, and devoted to the work all the time he could spare from his regular duties in the observatory.

What had already been done was so desultory that he found it advantageous to begin the work all over from the beginning. He was aided in the early stages of the work by the counsel and suggestions of the plaintiff, but this aid became unnecessary after he fully understood the subject. At the end of some two or three years the labor of collating and reducing the great mass of observations was found to be so heavy that the chief astronomer, who had passed his seventieth year, might not live to see its completion. His assistant then informed him that his two sisters could render efficient help in carrying on the work and enable him to bring it to a more rapid completion. He took the papers home, and, by the combined labors of the three through some two years more, the work was nearly ready for publication about the beginning of 1888.

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So far all had been done without any well-defined agreement as to the ownership or respective rights in it of the chief and his assistant; or, at least, the parties were not agreed as to what the understanding was. The defendant thought it now time to have the understanding placed beyond doubt, and handed his chief a copy of his proposed title-page, stating the respective shares of the two parties in the work. The plaintiff hastily read the paper, threw it into the fire, turned to the defendant, and said, "Bring me all that manuscript." The defendant refused. The plaintiff then brought a suit in replevin, claiming possession of the catalogue as his own personal property.

On the trial the plaintiff adduced no expert evidence except his own to show that the supervision which he claimed to have exercised over the work in its earlier stages was of any importance, or that he had done anything to entitle himself to the right of sole ownership under the custom of scientific men. What evidence he did bring forward was mainly intended to show that the defendant had, in letters and conversation, spoken of the work as belonging to the plaintiff, and that the latter had himself always so believed. He denied ever having agreed that the catalogue should be published as the work of the defendant, while the latter testified that he had so agreed, constructively at least, in desiring him to take up the work without any other compensation than the credit and reputation he would thereby secure. The defendant also called to the stand two of the eminent astronomers of the country, Profs. Asaph Hall of the Naval Observatory and Lewis Boss of the Dudley Observatory, who both testified to the great value of the service rendered by the sisters in computing the "precessions" of some 35,000 stars. It was also shown that, by the industry of the compilers, the catalogue had doubled in size without the plaintiff seeing it or asking to see it.

The Court finds for the plaintiff, and not only awards him the entire catalogue without conditions, but some $240 in money as damages for not receiving it at the time the suit was commenced. In reviewing the evidence, the Judge finds that the plaintiff conceived the idea of the catalogue and gave it the great benefit of his "nice discrimination." He construes evidence in a way which, we venture to say, has no parallel in a court of law. For example, it is known to most astronomers that Prof. Peters was for some time engaged in making researches in the older libraries of Europe upon the celebrated star-catalogue of Ptolemy, prepared 1,700 years ago, and found in the 'Almagest.' The Court quotes from a letter written by the Professor from Paris about his rummaging in the National Library for material for this work on Ptolemy's catalogue, to show how industriously he was engaged on the catalogue now in court. A conversation in which the defendant had spoken of a catalogue of stars as Prof. Peters's great life-work is quoted against him, in the face of his statement that he was referring to an entirely different work called a "zone-catalogue," on which Prof. Peters was well known to be engaged. The testimony of Prof. Hall is discredited, and that of Prof. Boss entirely ignored.

Great stress is laid by the Court upon the merit of the plaintiff in conceiving the idea of the catalogue, selecting the sources from which the stars were to be extracted, and exercising a "nice discrimination" in making the selection of stars to be catalogued. The fact that more than half the work was done without the plaintiff's knowledge, instead of leading the Judge to the common-sense conclusion that the plaintiff's help was unimportant, only gives him occasion to lecture the defendant on his bad faith in carefully concealing the magnitude of the work from his superior. To the reader who, from unfamiliarity with the subject, may not know how much credit should be given for the conception of such a catalogue, we may say that its merit is neither greater nor less than that of conceiving the idea of a railroad between two neighboring cities. We may carry the parallel yet further, and make an apt comparison with an imaginary case. X is a merchant who not only conceives the idea of the railroad, but takes active measures to interest capitalists in its construction. He tells them where they can find maps of the country, shows them statistics of manufactures and trade at each terminus, induces them to start the work, points out to the engineers the most eligible route. When the road is done, he claims the entire ownership, and sues for it. The court finds that the road would not have been built but for the plaintiff, quotes letters from the defendants to him in which they call it "your road" to show that they recognized it as his, and awards him the entire stock of the concern. Of course, the defendant has appealed from the decision.

THE COST OF A SMALL MUSEUM.

More than once we have endeavored to impress upon our readers the importance of collections of casts and other art reproductions as factors in popular education. It is only through these that the body of our people can ever hope to become familiar with the great masterpieces of European galleries, which have had so much effect upon the taste of the people among whom they exist, and might do a similar good work in this country were they only brought within reach. Doubtless there are many who join us in the wish that not only every large, but every small, city might have its gallery of reproductions as well as its public library—a gallery in which children could grow up familiar with the noblest productions of Greece and Italy, in which the laborer could pass some of his holiday hours, and in which the mechanic could find the stimulus to make his own work beautiful as well as good. But the principal reason why such collections are not more numerous is probably that people have an exaggerated idea of their cost, and, among those who might best afford this, there are doubts as to whether an undertaking of the kind would be appreciated in any but the large cities.

Thanks to the liberality of Mr. W. A. Slater, the experiment has been tried in Norwich, Conn., and the results of the first year of the Slater Memorial Museum in attracting and holding popular interest have far exceeded the anticipations of its founder and his advisers. As it has been Mr. Slater's desire that the museum established by him should serve not only to educate his townsmen, but also to stimulate others who had the means to follow his example in other parts of the country, he has given us permission to make public the cost of his collections, which we doubt not will be a revelation to many. In August of last year we gave a long description of the Slater Memorial Museum, not then quite completed, from which it was evident that within the lines laid down by Mr. Slater, by which it was determined that the collection should contain only reproductions and no original works, there were no restrictions as to expense. The works selected were to be the best of their kind, and were to be set up and arranged in the most effective manner possible. The number of objects was to be limited only by the size of the building.

The useful little catalogue of the casts in the Museum, prepared by Mr. H. W. Kent, the curator, to whom we are indebted for the figures we shall quote, shows 124 numbers in the Greek and Roman section, and 103 in that of the Renaissance. Among these are some of the largest casts made, such as the selection from the Pergamon reliefs, the Nike of Samothrace, and the Font of Siena. They were all made expressly for the Museum, and imported from London, Paris, Berlin, Munich, Florence, Rome, Naples, and Athens. In addition to these there is a complete collection of the British Museum electrotypes of Greek coins, handsomely mounted, and the nucleus of a collection of photographs, about 600, including the best plates of Braun, Naya, Brogi, and other celebrated photographers. Most of the statues are mounted on revolving pedestals; two hundred and fifty of the photographs are exhibited in individual frames, the backs of which are movable, that the exhibition may be varied as often as desired; and, owing to the lack of wall-space, draperies have been hung extensively throughout the hall, the material of which is heavy raw silk. We mention these facts only to show that economy was not a consideration in the execution of the Museum, and believe that our readers will be the more surprised to learn that its *gross* cost to Mr. Slater—excluding, of course, the building itself—was exactly $27,112.97. Is there any city or college in the Union in which this sum could not be raised for a similar purpose?

The cost of the building we do not give, because it would be useful as showing how much rather than how little could be put into such an edifice. It contains, besides the museum proper, the floor-space of which amounts to about 10,000 square feet, a lecture-hall with a seating capacity of about 1,200, a library, and four large class-rooms, which, if the intentions of the founder are fully carried out, will be used for practical instruction in the fine arts. Desirable as all these rooms are in a building of the kind, the only one which seems to us absolutely necessary is the lecture-hall. To open a gallery like this to the public, and then leave people to float about in it aimlessly, without a notion of its meaning or its purpose, is to do but half the work. Either regular courses of instruction or occasional lectures upon topics connected with the theory or history of art are necessary in order to make the museum anything more than a collection of curiosities to the uninitiated, and such lectures are given during the winter at the Slater Museum.

Of the amount just quoted the principal item was naturally for casts. The cost of these, including packing and transportation, but not setting up in the Museum, was $13,968.68, making an average of a trifle less than $62 for each number in the catalogue. We ought to say

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here, however, that an average is a dangerous guide in a matter of this kind, owing to the enormous difference in the size and price of casts, as well as in the distance from which they come. Obviously, too, the cost of packing and importing a few casts would be proportionately much greater than in a large order.

The casts once received, they must be put together, sometimes repaired, and finally set up. Pedestals must be built for the statues, wall spaces prepared for the reliefs. Therefore a small force of skilled plaster-workers and carpenters is necessary. In Norwich most of the plaster-work was done by two men, a third being added occasionally, and the aggregate of this item in the expenses was $1,626.75. With regard to the carpentry, more work of this kind than would usually be necessary was required by the fact that a number of changes had to be made in order to adapt the hall to its use as a museum of art, its destination not having been determined when the building itself was completed. Consequently, some of the $4,690 paid for material and labor in this department would form a part of the building expenses in a structure designed especially for the purpose.

These were the principal expenses in the preparation of the Slater Museum. In photographs about $800 has been spent thus far, the electrotype coins cost something less than $750, and the balance of the total quoted was made up by such incidentals as the draperies and upholstering, photograph frames, the designer's commission, and petty expenses.

Turning now for a moment to the other side of the balance sheet, we shall try to answer the question, "Does it pay" to undertake a work of this kind, except in our large and central cities? If to the founder or founders of such an institution it be sufficient recompense for their liberality to see their gift used, appreciated, and enjoyed by people of all classes, the brief experience of the Slater Memorial Museum answers the question with a strong affirmative. The Museum was dedicated on November 22 of last year. Since then it has been open regularly ten hours a week, divided among three days, and at other times to students and visitors from a distance. It is always free. There being no automatic machine for registering the admissions, Mr. Kent has requested visitors to write their names in a book provided for the purpose. The number who do so is naturally considerably less than the total number of visitors, particularly when the Museum is crowded, yet up to date the books show more than 10,000 names. The average attendance per week thus recorded, from the time of opening to July 1, was 283, the best month being December, in which 2,163 names were entered, the poorest June, with a total of 483. Especially gratifying has been the attendance on holidays, which shows that the interest in the Museum is by no means confined to those who have plenty of leisure. On Thanksgiving Day 800 names were registered, Christmas 932, New Year's 732, Decoration Day 850. For the benefit of the mill-operatives and other laborers who form the largest portion of the population of Norwich and the adjoining towns, to whom the Museum might do a world of good, we sincerely hope the day is not far distant when the building may be open at least a couple of hours each Sunday. The experience of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts in Sunday opening has been an unqualified success, and we wish that Norwich as well as our own city might profit by it. In Boston, we are told, the average number of admissions during the Sunday hours has reached as high as 1,000 per hour, and of these probably four-fifths are common workmen with their families.

These facts and figures regarding the Slater Memorial Museum are valuable only so far as they go. They show that the first problem of a museum—to interest the public at large—has there been solved successfully. More than that is not to be looked for yet. The ultimate good which the institution will accomplish can be but imperfectly manifested in one generation. It is from the children now growing up, from their children and their children's children, that the deeper results are to be expected. As the beginning has been made, we can afford to wait for the rest, which will come in good time. The lesson to be learned from it now is, that such collections are needed, that they are appreciated not by a few but by many, and that, so far as the cost is concerned, they are within the reach of every well-settled community.

A GOOD FARM FOR NOTHING.

WASHINGTON, November 11, 1889.

IN a late number of the *Nation* (No. 1270) appears an advertisement of a Massachusetts farm, with the suggestive editorial comment that, as the building and fences are worth as much as the price asked for the farm, the land really "must have no salable value." Inasmuch as neither the editor nor readers of the *Nation* know anything about the farm in question, I will now supply a specific illustration of the market value of the better class of Massachusetts farms, giving names and places.

There is now a farm for sale—the Foster farm on the Cold Spring road, a mile distant from the most beautiful village in New England, Williamstown, Berkshire County, and within two miles of the station, at which twenty passenger trains a day stop. To the station runs one of the best of Berkshire gravel roads, and upon an almost continuous down grade. The farm has, I believe, twice taken a premium as the best managed farm in the town, and the owner for more than twenty years has been "putting on more than he has taken off"; that is to say, he has sold butter and bought grain. The price of all agricultural products in the neighboring villages of Williamstown and North Adams are about the same as in the towns of Albany and Troy, excepting hay, butter, and mutton. The farm contains 106 acres, and has upon it the well-known New England farmhouse (white with green blinds, and two large maple trees before the door), *and ten farm buildings.* All of these buildings have been kept painted, and are in good condition. The farm is well fenced, chiefly post and board.

This farmhouse, these ten farm buildings and the fences, probably could not be replaced for $10,000. In their present condition I call them fairly worth $6,500. Yet this farm, to which a good farmer has given a lifetime of intelligent care, has been offered to me, and can be bought by anybody, for that amount. In other words, if you will pay the owner what the buildings and fences are reasonably worth, or two-thirds of what they actually cost, he will give you 106 acres of good land, in high cultivation, *for nothing.*

If you ask my friend Mr. Foster why it is that he wishes to sell his farm at so low a price, he will tell you that it is because he can't work himself as he once did, and can't get "good help." If you ask a young man of the neighborhood why he does not buy the farm on mortgage, as Mr. Foster did, and pay the mortgage off by hard work and thrifty ways, and make for himself a comfortable home as his fathers did, he will tell you that he can do better. If you tell him that he should adapt his agriculture to the changed circumstances of the time; that he has all the advantages that his father had and a thousand more besides; that the soil is actually more fertile, the stones picked up, the stumps dug out, the roads built; that statistics show that certain products bring better prices than they did a hundred years ago, while clothing and farm implements cost less; that two men with a mower and tedder can harvest more hay in one day than four men with scythe and pitchfork could formerly do in two, he will blandly reiterate that "farming pays worst of all," and that he "can do better."

Yet, during this same period in which Mr. Foster has been trying to give away his agricultural land, there has been an "extraordinary boom in real estate" in Williamstown, and land within half a mile of the village, commanding fine views, has quadrupled in value. Tested by actual cash purchases, the encroaching cottager has paid $4,000 for ten acres without a building on them. Midway between Williamstown and Brattleboro', a few years ago, I saw on the summit of a hill against the evening sky what seemed a large cathedral. Driving thither, I found a huge, old-time two-story church, a large academy (which had blended in the distance with the church), a village with a broad street, perhaps 150 feet in width. I drove on and found that the church was abandoned, the academy dismantled, the village deserted. The farmer who owned the farm on the north of the village lived on one side of the broad street, and he who owned the farm on the south lived on the other, and they were the only inhabitants. All of the others had gone—to the manufacturing villages, to the great cities, to the West. Here had been industry, education, religion, comfort, and contentment, but there remained only a drear solitude of forsaken homes.

And here I have placed before you the three distinctive and essential facts of this New England problem—the farm of Mr. Foster, the boom in Williamstown, the deserted village in Vermont.

The deserted village was the old-fashioned "Centre" of the town; on a high hill, remote from railways and mill-streams, unknown to summer boarders—an agricultural village, dependent upon the agriculture around it and from which it sprang. The causes which operated upon Mr. Foster's farm and the surrounding agriculture struck it, and indeed seemed to strike it sooner, and a more effective blow.

The ruin of New England agriculture is due to a combination of causes, the chief of which are these:

I. For many years the Government has been paying the most extraordinary bounty that the world ever knew for agricultural products. It has not paid this bounty upon agriculture to farmers in general, but only to those who would live in the West, and largely, if not chiefly, to the peasants and peasant-farmers and younger sons of Europe. To them it has said in substance, "Come over here and undersell American farmers east of the Alleghanies, and we will give you for nothing citizenship and a farm. Land which in your own country is a monopoly, the property of the great, beyond the hope of the poor, shall be yours without price, without rent, in fee simple absolute."

At the same time the Government has likewise been giving another set of bounties in land and guaranteed bonds to such railroads as should carry the immigrant farmers to their free farms without their being subjected to the dangers and delays and hardships which beset

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the "first settlers" of the olden time, and which should bring their agricultural products to the overstocked markets of the world for as nearly nothing as possible, and certainly at freight rates lower than the world ever dreamed of.

Accordingly, under this artificial bounty system, we have seen what was inevitable and what might have been expected, viz., that the most industrious and frugal class in the country, the farmers east of the Alleghanies, is the only class which has not shared in the general prosperity. Instead of letting our agriculture grow by natural causes—hard work, improved methods, better culture, and slowly extending area—we have seized the new land which properly belongs to the next century, and have squandered the riches which nature garnered for mankind with a waste and prodigality for which future generations, if they have any sense, may well curse their fathers.

It should also be noted that these causes have been so overwhelming that their effects have not stopped at the seaboard, and that the term "east of the Alleghanies" really extends to the English Channel. The ruin has not been as complete in England as in New England, and the chances of adaptation to the new order of things are there incomparably better; but, nevertheless, during the twenty years between our civil war, 1866, and the Queen's jubilee, 1886, one-seventh of the arable lands of the British Isles was abandoned to "permanent pasture."

Furthermore, it should be noted that no inconsiderable portion of the public lands given away under homestead and military bounty acts soon found their way to the possession of great landed proprietors, such as we have blamed the crowned heads of Europe for establishing or tolerating; and that the bounties given to Western railroads were speedily transmuted into bonds and mortgages and railroad stocks, which with inconceivable rapidity passed largely into the hands of a few men, and form the staple of the vast fortunes that alarm Mr. Shearman. If about the time the Homestead and Oregon Donation Acts were passed some one had asked, "What classes as classes will be directly and chiefly benefited by our public-land policy?" the true answer would have been: first, the peasants and peasant farmers and younger sons of Europe; second, the great landed proprietors and millionaires of America; third, one Brigham Young and the dignitaries and members of the Mormon Church.

It may be asked whether the sons of New England farmers have not as individuals shared in the benefits of the land system; whether they have not had easier times, worn better clothes, and smoked cigars instead of pipes. To this it must be answered that we are now considering New England and her agricultural conditions. What we do know is, first, that the old nursery of good and great and useful men is, under existing causes, being destroyed, or, to quote from the columns of the *Nation* (No. 1157, p. 176), "The forest, like a rising tide, encroaches upon the former fields; population in the mountain towns diminishes; taxes increase; civilization recedes; the Celtic immigrant succeeds the Pilgrim stock"; second, that there is no rural New England in the West rearing a posterity worthy of the old stock; that the youth who was starved out of his birthplace in consequence of the land policy of the Government, has not been replaced there by a wiser or a better man, and that, in his new habitat, material wealth has been the only gain. The admonition to his fathers was, "*Go forth for freedom and for conscience' sake*"; to him, "*Go West, young man, go West, to make money to buy land to grow corn to fat hogs to make more money to buy more land to grow more corn to fat more hogs.*"

II. The second cause which has operated upon the New England farmer is also of Governmental origin. During the greater part of the period in which the Government has been giving bounties in land to his rivals in agriculture, it has been giving bounties in duties to his competitors in the labor market. On the one hand, the tariff brought a market near to the farmer, which is an advantage not to be lightly estimated; and on the other, it has augmented the cost of everything he buys. Thirty years ago, when this lay before us an untried experiment in our political economy, it was a fair question for political discussion whether the augmented price of his crops would exceed the augmented cost of his purchases. But now there is nothing to discuss—the experiment has been tried, the result reached; and we have, as the residuum, the ruined New England farmer and the abandoned New England farm. In the discussion of the subject, both sides overlooked what has proved to be the most important factor of the case, viz., that the tariff brought to the farmer's very door a competitor, strong in capital, in credit, and in Government subsidies, who could and would outbid him until he should take away from him his best hands, his poorest hands, and ultimately in many cases his sons and daughters. It is a queer way to help a man, to take his hands away from him in harvest. The farmer fought bravely against the overpowering odds as long as health and strength lasted; but when old age or sickness came, he had to surrender and throw the "old place" upon a declining market in which there were many sellers and few buyers. Wherever you find an old man, there you find a farm for sale. Within doors the struggle and the agony took another form, and the residuum *there* is, that the largest proportion of insane women in New England is of farmers' wives. In a word, the Government has been giving the bounty to the wrong man—the stronger competitor.

It is a fine thing to tell to farmers that machinery is doing the work of men; that a manure-cart with a boy to drive it will spread more manure than four able-bodied men. But the cart does not load itself, and the manure must still be forked on to it by human toil. It is a fine thing to tell them that they should adapt their methods to the new order of things; that ensilage can be put away for fifty cents a ton, green, the equivalent of $1.50 a ton for cured hay. But to put ensilage away at fifty cents a ton requires a man at the engine, two or three men at the cutter, one or two in the pit, from three to five teams drawing the corn from the field—in short, ten or a dozen men. The truth is, that the new order of things often requires more hands than the old, and is better adapted to the rich than the poor.

III. The third cause which has operated upon Eastern agriculture is in one sense the converse of the preceding ones, for *they* sprang from the interference of the general Government, while this is attributable to the inaction of the State legislatures. The commercial rivalry of the great seaboard cities, and of the great "trunk lines" which run to them, demanded that as much Western produce as possible be brought into each. The railroads in Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland were chartered to promote the general welfare of the people of those States, but their legislatures have been so completely under the influence of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and of the railroad corporations, that their farmers have been practically taxed through discriminating freights to carry other people's grain to market at rates which have more than once been below cost. The commissioners charged with investigating this matter in Vermont and Massachusetts, I believe, intend to report at a future day on the causes of the decline. I will give them a couple of facts which may assist them in coming to one conclusion.

A few summers ago two car-loads of butter came into Boston on the same day. The one came from Vermont in a common car, was spoiled by the heat and sold as grease. The other came from Iowa in a refrigerator car, arrived in prime condition, and commanded the highest market price. *The freight on these two loads of butter was the same per pound.*

A few years ago six farmers in the rich butter region of Orange County, N. Y., established a dairy of about four hundred Jerseys near West Point, Nebraska, for the purpose of supplying some of the most fashionable hotels in the city of New York with table butter. The price paid for the butter is, or was, forty-five cents per pound; it came in a refrigerator car, and the cost of transportation, including cartage, from the dairy in Nebraska to the hotel in New York was *five cents a pound.*

IV., V. The fourth and fifth are natural causes which, unhappily, can never be averted. Nature has made the New England farm a small farm, and its owner is confronted by a winter seven months in length. That is to say, the hillsides, and narrow valleys, and broken table-lands are not adaptable to "wholesale farming," and the man who raises cattle must house and feed his stock through seven long months, or, if he changes to sheep, ordinarily for six. In all parts of the country some of these five causes are of course more or less operative; but there is no part of the country, save New England, where they form so complete and relentless a combination. It is the extraordinary combination which has produced the extraordinary and long to be regretted result.

What, then, shall the New England farmer do? He cannot compete in cereals with the West; in fruit and vegetables with Delaware and New Jersey; in cattle with men whose herds run summer and winter on the free ranches of the Government; in wool with the unhoused flocks of Texas and California, of New Zealand and Australia; in butter with Nebraska and Iowa; in dressed beef with Armour's syndicate; in the labor market with the local manufacturers. What, then, shall he do? The gentlemen who have kindly advised him have in the end come down to saying that he must work as early and late as his fathers did, and live on as little as the Irish or the French. He thanks them for their good advice, but answers that he can do better. And so he can. His industry, probity, intelligence, good sense, and general handiness are in demand everywhere. The loss is not his, but ours.

There are tracts, indeed, in New England, such as the "White Mountain Region" and the "Berkshire Hills," where almost every farm can be made to furnish a picturesque summer home for the city refugee, and there a healthy, natural, and profitable business can be done. It is also among the possibilities that new remedies now unthought of may supply the want. Our indigenous animals which can alone brave the New England winter may be turned to account, such as the half-bred buffalo, whose robe is now worth $50, or the deer of the Adirondacks. If fifty farms were

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thrown into one ring-fence and hounds and hunters and wolves excluded, I see no reason why deer should not become semi-domesticated like those in English deer parks, and nearly as prolific as sheep. Subsisting partly in the woods where sheep will not go, and thus upon lands which are now entirely wasted, and helped through the winters with scattered stacks of mountain hay, they may yet be found a source of considerable wealth. But I make these suggestions not in an abounding faith so much as in the hope that some wealthy and patriotic New Englander may come forward and try the costly experiment.

It is very sad that the highest, purest, noblest agricultural population that this world has ever possessed, is being dissipated, and, as a race, merged and lost. As a race it has been rich beyond comparison in human products—in clergymen, soldiers, statesmen, scholars, poets, merchants, inventors, and men who believe in honesty and work. Such statesmen as Webster, such college presidents, past and present, as Mark Hopkins, Eliphalet Nott, and Stanley Hall, such poets as Whittier, such generals as Lyon, such merchants as Edwin D. Morgan, have been born and bred on these small farms, which to-day can hardly be given away. Worthless though they be, according to our material standard, they have done more for the elevation of American thought and character and intelligence and happiness than all the railroads and millionaires and stocks and securities and corn and hogs that the great cities and the great West contain.

Yet the last act of the New England farmer is not unworthy of his sturdy and upright lineage. He faces the situation, and closes his accounts and pays his debts like a man; it is the business which has become bankrupt, not he. When we remember how hard it is for any of us to give up an undertaking on which we have spent time and money, or to throw away a foolish purchase, instead of storing it in the attic; and when we consider how the poor of this world cling to their poverty, how the peasants and crofters of other races obstinately hold fast to their small holdings, and divide and subdivide their insufficient farms only to entail intenser misery on their descendants, we must acknowledge that there is something grand in the farmer of these mountain towns, who, rising to the heroic treatment of his case, turns away from the fields and fences upon which he has toiled through the better part of his life, and, by a decree as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, writes upon the closed door, ABANDONED.

CHARLES C. NOTT.

THE VULGARIZATION OF THE ALPS.

TOBLACH, September, 1889.

IT is now just four centuries since the voyages of the Portuguese in the South Atlantic and of Columbus in the North Atlantic Ocean began to lift the veil of darkness which had hung round the small civilized world of antiquity and the Middle Ages. Since then, and especially of late years, exploration has gone on so fast that now, excluding the uninhabitable ice tracts of the two Poles, there remain scarcely any spots on the surface of our planet unvisited and undescribed by travellers. It is, in fact, only in some few regions in Central Africa, and still fewer in Central Asia, that imagination finds any field in which to disport itself or the spirit of adventure any scope for the honors of discovery. Merv, for instance, which fifteen years ago was known only by faint reports, since no one could venture among its savage inhabitants, is now a station on a Russian railway; and a British company is preparing to colonize the cool uplands of Kilimanjaro and Kenia in tropical East Africa.

The same process of increasing the facilities of cheap access all over the world has in Europe gone so far as to make every part of that continent which is worth visiting, or at any rate which people know to be worth visiting, actually crowded. One who returns to the Alps or to northern Italy after an interval of some years is astonished to find the change so great. Yet the two causes which have brought this throng of visitors are obvious enough. One is the extraordinary growth of the habit of taking a regular summer holiday. If there were any statistics on the point, it would probably be found that fifty years ago the persons who left their business in Germany, France, or England for more than a week at a time were an infinitesimally small part of the business population. Nowadays it is, especially in Germany and England, a matter of course even for tradesmen and clerks and shopmen, and, still more of course, for the middle and higher strata of the commercial world, to go off from home for a longer or shorter pleasuring, almost always to the seaside or to the mountains. The other cause is the extension of steam communication, by railways and steamers, which makes journeys to the sea or the mountains incomparably cheaper as well as swifter and less fatiguing than was formerly the case. The consequence has been that every summer sees a veritable migration of tens of thousands of persons to spots which even thirty or forty years ago difficulty of access had left secluded and primitive.

Although this has happened all over Europe, it is most conspicuous in the Alps, which have now become the playground not merely of mountain-climbers and the upper classes of western Europe, but of all classes except the really poor. Every American knows how enormously the afflux of American and English, as well as German tourists, has increased in Switzerland. But it has been much less observed that the throng of pleasure-seekers is nearly as great in the eastern Alps, to which, except, of course, to a few choice spots, the English and Americans resort very little. These regions are filled by Germans, and along the southern slopes by Italians also. The accommodation they offer is far less luxurious than what Switzerland provides even off the great tracks. One finds no large and comfortable hotels except in big towns like Innsbruck, or Salzburg, or in such a district as the neighborhood of Ischl, reudered fashionable by the visits of the Austrian Court. Living is from a half to a third cheaper than in Switzerland, but the inns, though seldom dirty, are usually rough, and the food is indifferent.

Votaries of nature who had some years ago begun to retire from Switzerland before the ever-increasing crowd, were wont to enjoy the comparative peace and silence of Tyrol and Carinthia, and the romantic valleys to the north of Brescia, Verona, and Venice. Now, however, within the last decade these regions have begun to draw such hosts of German and Austrian tourists that seclusion is no longer obtainable anywhere, and the wanderer is lucky if he can find a room without bespeaking it several days beforehand. Cortina d'Ampezzo and the Fedaya pass, which in 1865 were as little known to English or German pedestrians as Manitou Springs and Pike's Peak were in that same year to New Yorkers, are now even as Chamouni or Zermatt. The finer parts of Carinthia and Styria are scarcely less overrun; it is not till one gets into the remoter corners of the Julian Alps that the old charm of primitive and unspoiled mountain solitudes can be enjoyed. Even from there it is daily disappearing. The change is passing on Norway and on the Pyrenees, the only other parts of Europe where grand mountain scenery is obtainable. No coming generation will be able to draw the same kind of pleasure from a ramble through mountain countries which the generation now growing too old to pedestrianize drew in the days of its youth.

Doubtless this is a result of cheap travel and holiday-making which every one must have expected; and if it disgusts the few, it seems to promise enjoyment to many. The tourist who traverses Switzerland in a crowded train, or even on foot, along crowded roads and footpaths, where hotel touts and sellers of curiosities pester him, enjoys far less keenly than did the solitary pedestrian of thirty years ago; but there are a hundred who have this inferior pleasure for every one who had that finer pleasure of the old days. We have all had to reconcile ourselves to life in a crowd, even in vacation time. Another change has, however, passed over the Alps which was not to have been expected, which need not have happened, and which has brought an injury not adequately compensated by any resulting gain. This is the injury which is being done to Nature herself in the process of making her most beautiful spots not merely accessible, but accessible in the cheapest and quickest way. Not content with running railroads to the edge of the mountain country and along one or two great international highways, such as the Brenner and the St. Gothard, lines have now been built up many of the minor valleys and along the shores of lakes where hitherto the traffic was carried on by carriage roads and steamers. Irreparable damage has in many cases been done to the scenery, for the cuttings and embankments destroy the original character of many a landscape; the heaps of stone thrown out from a tunnel, the bridges spanning a torrent, the lines scored along the face of a precipice, fatally mar the charms of form and color and native wildness which drew lovers of beauty to the spot. It is alleged that more tourists now come. But they do not see what once delighted us; and, indeed, hurried swiftly along, and craning their necks out of the car window to catch the views, which change faster than the eye can duly appreciate them, or plunged into the darkness of a tunnel when one of the finest points is reached, they are unable to derive anything approaching to the pleasure which the pedestrian or carriage-borne traveller formerly derived.

The last few years have brought a new curse to Switzerland, though happily not yet to the rest of the Alps, in the form of the so-called "mountain railways," worked by cog-wheels on toothed rails, and sometimes by a wire cable. The first of these was fixed on the Rigi about 1870. Now there are seven or eight, and several more are projected. The last six months have seen four such new lines: one at the Giessbach, on the Lake of Brienz; one at Beatenberg, on the Lake of Thun; one to the top of Pilatus from Alpnach, on the Lake of Lucerne; one to the top of the Bürgenstock, on the same lake. A fifth, from Lauterbrunnen to Mürren, is to be begun immediately, when the railroad from Interlaken to Mürren, intended to ruin the valley of the Lutschine, as the new railroad to Zermatt is now ruining the valley of St. Niklaus, has been finished. With the growing increase of visitors and the growing enterprise of hotel-keepers, such lines are likely to be much further multiplied. They inflict, it need hardly be said, an even greater injury on the scenery than do the railroads that traverse the

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valleys, for they are even more conspicuous objects. The Rigi—which twenty-five years ago, when there was nothing on it but one moderately-sized inn at the top and a small one at the Kalt-Bad, was a romantic mountain in itself, delightful to roam over even when the weather did not permit the great panoramic view to be visible—is now so scored over by railways and thick set with huge hotels that even the view can scarcely be enjoyed, for there is always at least one hotel and one railway in the foreground.

When one passes east out of Switzerland into the Bavarian and Austrian Alps (Tyrol, Styria, Carinthia, Carniola), one leaves behind the bulk of the lazy pleasure-seekers who are glad to be carried to the top of a mountain in a railroad car, and finds that German pedestrians, frugal and simple, form five-sixths of the tourist crowd. They walk slow and climb still more slowly, but they are fond of walking, and do their fifteen or twenty miles a day conscientiously. They have organized a sort of huge Alpine Club or society, with branches in all the larger towns of Germany and Germanic Austria, which employs most of its funds in rendering the mountains more easy of access. It has erected a great number of "shelter huts" all over the higher Alps. Sometimes these are mere huts, sometimes they approach the accommodations of a mountain inn. They have certainly made the ascent of high peaks and passes a far more comfortable undertaking than it used to be, when the climber and his guides had to sleep in some hole among the rocks if they desired to avoid the fatigue of a long night ascent from the last house in the valley beneath. The German society, however, has not stopped here. It has furnished all the chief footpaths with finger-posts, and marked them with streaks of red, blue, or yellow paint upon the trees and rocks so that even the solitary pedestrian can hardly miss his way. There is, of course, an obvious convenience in being assured by the finger-post and the blotch of paint that you are on the right track; and sometimes, where the path might have been hard to find without a guide, the expense—after all a small expense—of a guide is saved. But to any one who remembers the pleasurable excitement of finding his own way up a mountain by the help of a map, a compass, and his own practised observation, there is something dull and flat, almost humiliating, in being made, whether one desires it or not, to rely on these artificial aids.

The sense of adventure and solitude is banished; the high Alps seem degraded in being treated like the neighborhood of a fashionable watering-place, where notice-boards direct the nursemaid which way to take her charges. And in the case of some few mountains the wish to remove all difficulties has gone even further. Iron posts or spikes have been driven into the rocks at points where the ascent becomes unusually steep or the foothold precarious; or wire ropes have been stretched along the path, or iron ladders erected. The Matterhorn and the Grossglockner are instances of peaks which have been thus treated, with the result not only of making them too easy to the really competent cragsman, but of inducing persons to attempt the ascent who are so incompetent that, when bad weather comes on, they may be unable to get down, and perish (as happened lately on the Matterhorn) of cold and exhaustion. The Terglou in Carniola, the loftiest summit of the Julian Alps, has been subjected to even more drastic treatment. It was famous for a very narrow *arête* or ridge of rock between two formidable precipices, along which the climber was obliged to pass for some thirty yards or more in order to reach the summit. This *arête* was found too difficult for the average tourist, and accordingly the Austrian Club, not content with putting up iron posts in some places along the ascent and stretching wire ropes along others, has actually broken down the top of the rock ridge, and made a comparatively broad and easy path along it. More tourists make the ascent, but the true lover of the Alps feels that this is not the Terglou as he knew it, and the ascent of a mutilated mountain loses half its charm for him. To accomplish it is no longer the test of a steady head and a firm foot.

It may be thought that complaints or regrets over this vulgarization of the Alps are mere sentimentalism, and that one ought rather to rejoice at the greater number of persons who now traverse the valleys, even in steam-cars, or climb the peaks, even by the help of wire ropes. The point is hardly one to be argued: it must be left to each man's feeling. But, after all, the pleasure we derive from grand or wild mountain scenery is largely a pleasure of sentiment. It is not merely the form and the color that delight us: it is the absence of man and his works; it is what may be called the pure naturalness of nature. The impression which the more striking aspects of nature produce upon imaginative minds, and especially upon poets and artists, is largely due to the contrast between ordinary life, especially that life of cities which most of us lead, and this unspoiled naturalness, this unsullied simplicity, this remoteness or insignificance of all that belongs to human effort. The number of places left in Europe which are capable of acting thus upon poets and artists is daily diminishing, and in this there is surely involved some loss for the European mind in the future. Whether the corresponding gain may not be greater is a question one need not discuss; but those who are jubilant over the opening up of the mountains and the comparative ease with which excursions once deemed difficult are now performed, ought to be reminded that the gain, whatever it may be, is assuredly accompanied by a loss.

Correspondence.

A GOLDEN SENATE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Perhaps nothing better shows the ability of the framers of our Federal Constitution to give a predetermined complexion to a body instituted by that instrument than the Senate of the United States.

It is a matter of common knowledge that our Senators are not generally in need of parish relief, and that many of them have accumulated more than Mr. Bellamy would approve. Prof. Bryce, who has told us so much about ourselves, and all in such a marketable way, says: "The Senate now contains many men of great wealth. Some, an increasing number, are Senators because they are rich." In the political press this, our most dignified legislative body, is not unfrequently called "The American House of Lords," "The Millionaire Senate," and its action is criticised as that of a wealthy class, seeking to protect the interests of the rich and with but small regard for the rights of the poor.

Those who defend or apologize for its action have, so far, merely denied these rather hard impeachments, whereas they might well aver that such a body as its critics declare the Senate to be, the founders of our commonwealth sought to make it.

Thus, on Tuesday, June 20, 1787, Gen. Pinckney proposed in the Constitutional Convention at Philadelphia that no salary should be allowed Senators, saying: "As this [the Senatorial] branch was meant to represent the wealth of the country, it ought to be composed of persons of wealth, and if no allowance was to be made, the wealthy alone would undertake the service." He moved to strike out a clause for "fixed stipends" to them, and his motion was seconded by the venerable Dr. Franklin, who argued in its favor, and the motion was lost by but one vote.

Mr. Gouverneur Morris, who penned the final draft of the Constitution, and who, all must admit, was a man of fine powers and great influence (despite his conceit, which was more than extraordinary, and his obtrusive impromptu verses, which were less than ordinary), speaking of the Senate July 2, 1787, in the same convention, said: "The aristocratic body should be as firm and as independent as the democratic. If the members of it are to revert to a dependence on a democratic choice, the democratic scale will preponderate. All the guards contrived by America have not restrained the Senatorial branches of the legislatures from a servile complaisance to the democratic. If the second branch is to be dependent, we are better without it. To make it independent it should be for life. It will then do wrong, it will be said. He believed so. He hoped so. The rich will strive to establish their dominion and enslave the rest. They always did, they always will. The proper security against them is to form them into a separate interest. The two forces will then control each other. Let the rich mix with the poor, and in a commercial country they will establish an oligarchy." And again: "By thus combining and setting apart the aristocratic interest, the popular interest will be combined against it. There will be a mutual check and a mutual security."

When Mr. Dickinson, Thursday, June 7, 1787, moved the Convention that the members of the second branch of the Federal Congress "ought to be chosen by the individual Legislatures," a principal reason for his motion was, he said, "because he wished the Senate to consist of the most distinguished characters, distinguished for their rank in life, *and their weight in property, and bearing as strong a likeness to the British House of Lords as possible*, and he thought such characters more likely to be selected by the State Legislatures than by any other mode"; and after protracted debate, Mr. Dickinson's motion was agreed to by a unanimous vote.

Gen. Hamilton submitted to Mr. Madison, about the close of the Convention, a draft of a Constitution such as he had wished to propose, and in that the Senate was to be chosen by electors owning landed estates only, and the Senators were to hold their office during good behavior.

These extracts from the history of our Constitutional Convention might be supplemented by a hundred others as pertinent, all tending to show that the leading members of that Convention desired, and strove to institute, in the Senate, a plutocratic body, and to this end the Constitution was very considerably fashioned. That which is now the reproach of our Senate was, in its origin, its confessed purpose and its supposed merit.

Perhaps it is worth remembering that the creature ought not to be blamed for conformity to the designs of its creator. Then, too, all Americans, and the world and Prof. Bryce as

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well, are quite well convinced that, despite "its pewter Senators from silver States," the Senate of the United States answers the uses of an upper house better than any yet devised by our fellow-mortals. It is, however, curious to recall the trenchant suggestions of Mr. Morris, when we consider that the doctrine of protection to American labor by a high tariff finds its stronghold in the Senate, and to inquire whether this illustrates or confutes his theory.

CHARLES NOBLE GREGORY.

NOVEMBER 14.

KENTUCKY AND THE SPOILS SYSTEM ONCE MORE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The barbarous encounter in the Lexington Post-office, which a few days since resulted in the death of two of the most prominent Republicans in the State, has drawn attention anew to the state of public sentiment in Kentucky, which not only permits but almost compels every slight or insult to be wiped out with blood. That such a sentiment does really exist may indeed be deplored, but it cannot be honestly denied; and its existence is admitted even by those who feel most keenly its disgrace. Surely this last tragedy is of itself sufficient to establish the fact. The victims were men of high standing in their community, men of considerable ability and culture. I have been assured by a gentleman acquainted with both that they were in no respect violent or reckless men, provided only that the question of "honor" were kept carefully in the background. What, then, in a moment transformed them? The answer is but too evident: in the first place, a false, a barbarous conception of personal dignity; and in the second, an equally false and barbarous public sentiment which drove each to resent with violence a slight, real or fancied, and which would have branded for life as a coward the man who had the independence and genuine manliness to ignore an insult of such a kind, or to resent it as a civilized man should.

It is a mistake to suppose that there does not exist in this State a considerable body of intelligent men who are alive to the barbarity of this sentiment; but the sentiment itself is so strong, and, it must be confessed, yields so slowly to the educative influences that are unquestionably at work to destroy it, that many men who realize its enormity would hardly be strong enough to resist it. A man confronted with such a difficulty faces a painful dilemma. To rely on the traditional method of settling differences is to violate his own convictions, perhaps to carry with him through life the horrible sense that the blood of a fellow-man is on his hands; to stand true to his higher self is to incur a degree of obloquy which few men are able to bear. The fate of the late Judge Richard Reid is conclusive upon this point.

I have spoken thus candidly of the condition of public sentiment upon this subject in Kentucky because I would not have it appear that the aspect of the matter to which I wish now to call attention, and to present which was indeed my chief motive in writing the communication, is mentioned for the purpose of diverting attention from the main question; still it is a view of the incident which seems to me to teach with emphasis a lesson that is taught, indeed, wherever one looks. The Republican party in Kentucky, like the Republican party throughout the South, exists, it is well known, chiefly for the sake of office, and it was primarily a quarrel about office, or about political precedence, which nowadays amounts to the same thing, that led to this difficulty. As surely, therefore, as the spoils system is responsible for the assassination of President Garfield, so surely is it responsible for the death of these two men. Men kill each other in Kentucky, as they do elsewhere, it is but too true, without being driven to it by political or rather office-holding jealousy; but the argument is not weakened by this admission. In every State in the Union there are quarrels hardly less bitter than that just so fatally terminated, originating wholly in the mad pursuit of office and the distribution of a host of petty positions to "appease" and "harmonize" the "adherents" of this or that politician. The Platt-Miller warfare in New York is a prominent example of the disgusting rivalries existing wherever offices are to be doled out. Every community has its little wars of the same character; and the holy President of these United States, who poses as a living proof that strict attention to religious duties is not impossible in high public station, occupies the position of a man fomenting strife and quarrel by perpetuating a vicious and degrading practice which he had a golden opportunity to eradicate.

The writer is not one of those who seek to clear Kentucky of the blame which justly rests upon her; but he hopes that the incident in question may serve the further purpose of showing once more the barbarous nature and tendencies of the spoils system, and that it may make clear just what kind of responsibility rests upon those who tolerate and extend it.

A. F.

LOUISVILLE, KY., November 14, 1889.

MUGWUMPS AND PARTISANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like to suggest an hypothesis which, if true, would account for the apparent recklessness with which pledges as to civil-service reform are broken by both parties, and their indifference as to a possible day of reckoning. This is, that politics are not merely a game, but a game which politicians play almost exclusively for the sake of the stakes—principles, such as foreign policy, civil-service reform, silver, etc., being checkers without intrinsic value. The exclamation, "What are we here for except for the offices?" may have amused politicians by its frankness, but it was merely the utterance of a self-evident truth.

Now, the normal state of parties in countries where, practically, there are only two political organizations, is that of unstable equilibrium; the scales are perpetually tipping, but only slightly. Such an equilibrium is disturbed only by a cataclysm like the Civil War, which, in the North, abased the opponents of the Republican party to such an extent as to put off, for twenty years, the restoration of the equilibrium. A partial balance to this has been the equally strong Democratic feeling at the South, and the increasing proportion of voters who have no personal interest in buried issues has brought back parties to their usual relations. The two parties are, then, in a position like that of two railways fed from the same territory, and having equal facilities for supplying its wants. Railways so circumstanced sooner or later learn that pooling, in practice, if not by positive agreement, is more profitable than competition.

Leaving out of consideration those politicians who desire official position for the opportunities it affords of "striking," or of acquiring knowledge having a money value, it may be said that, for the others, office-brokerage far outweighs all other advantages not merely as a means of obtaining reëlection, but as an occupation and a pleasure in itself. Take it from them, and political life would have no more attractions than moderate success in ordinary business. It would, therefore, be no inducement to the leaders of either party to guarantee them eight, or twelve, or twenty years of uninterrupted power, if this was to be limited to action on public questions. On the other hand, it may be supposed that they believe that half the glory (which, as practical politicians, they would value only as an advertisement) of controlling the Government, combined with possession of the offices for half the time, is better than a larger share of the glory and fewer "spoils." The real or affected sympathy given to politicians in the position of Mr. Harrison or Mr. Blaine seems to me entirely uncalled for. Sympathy for the time and concentrated attention they may be forced to give to questions of law or economy, such as Bering Sea or silver, would be appreciated; but the exhaustion which comes from listening to office-seekers is, from their point of view, healthful, and they sleep the better for it.

If this statement of the case is correct, it is plain that the recent advice of President Eliot, coming as it did from a man so conspicuous both for ability and position, is to be regretted. Parties in a state of equilibrium can rarely be reformed from within, though they may be willing to make promises without number. Even a question so plainly appealing to the commonest feelings of humanity as the abolition of slavery was very slow in acquiring any political momentum: how much more so one which, to most persons, is only one of abstract justice, like civil-service reform. When the principle of tenure on non-political tests is finally established, it will owe as much (and as little) to one party as to the other. It will come about, really, in spite of all to whom politics is a trade or an amusement, and in consequence of a gradually growing sentiment in the community which will affect both parties, though unconsciously, in an equal degree. And this sentiment will influence politicians in proportion to the voting strength of those who hold it. Whoever identifies himself with either party is bound to take the fat with the lean, and to march no faster than the rest of the procession. If the way to effect a reform was to convince party leaders of its justice, such a course might be the best; but this reform will be accomplished not because of its justice, but because from year to year its expediency will be more apparent from the increasing number of independent voters.

W: M. G.

BLOCKS OF FIVE IN ANTIQUITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A learned friend of the *Nation* has been heard to remark that there was "nothing new under the sun except rubber boots and sewing-machines." I had attributed at least originality to the promoter of "floaters in blocks of five," but it appears that, after all, we have here only a modification of an old scheme. Says Suidas, under the word δεκάζεσθαι: "This phrase originated from the practice of bribing men by tens. Candidates for office, or persons with a job to carry through, used to deal out their bribes to blocks of ten." Anytus, the accuser of Socrates, has the discredit of introducing this system into the courts, and, as a recent commentator remarks, "doubtless a juryman would feel greater confidence if he knew he had nine others sitting by him who had been bribed." Scholars have always been in the dark about the details of this scheme, and a monograph on the subject, dashed off by Colonel Dudley in his leisure

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hours before the next election, would be very gratefully received.—Sincerely yours,

M. H. MORGAN.

CAMBRIDGE, November 16, 1889.

"FATS" OR "VATS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your last number (p. 392) you speak of *fats* as "an unfortunate misprint" for *vats* in the Bacchic song from "Antony and Cleopatra" (ii., 7, 122), as given in Bullen's 'Lyrics from the Dramatists of the Elizabethan Age'; but *fats* is the Shaksperian and old English form, following the Anglo-Saxon *fæt*, cask. The Folio of 1623 reads: "In thy Fattes our Cares be drown'd." The word occurs also in the Bible of 1611, in Joel, ii., 24; iii., 13. See also *pressfat* in Haggai, ii., 16, and *winefat* in the margin of Hosea, ix., 2, where the text has *winepress*.

According to Skeat ('Etymol. Dict.' s. v.), "the difference between the words *fat* and *vat* is one of dialect; *vat* is southern English, probably Kentish. The use of *v* for *f* is common in Devonshire, Somersetshire, and in old Kentish." W. J. R.

CAMBRIDGE, November 16, 1889.

Notes.

THE year promises to be famous for anti-slavery memoirs. 'James G. Birney, and the Genesis of the Republican Party,' by Gen. William Birney, is in the press of D. Appleton & Co. The authorized 'Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe,' by her son, the Rev. Charles E. Stowe, has just been published, by subscription, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This firm, also, announces 'A New England Girlhood, Outlined from Memory,' autobiographic chapters by Lucy Larcom, and a retelling of the life of the Rev. William Augustus Muhlenberg, in the series of "American Religious Leaders," by the Rev. W. W. Newton.

Mr. Horatio Seymour of Marquette, Mich., will be glad to secure copies of letters written by Gov. Horatio Seymour not already in his possession, with a view to the publication of his correspondence.

'Viera; 'Twixt the Real and the Ideal,' a new novel by Count Roman I. Zubof, of which the scene is laid in England, is to be published immediately by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Certainly, one of the most interesting and valuable gift-books of the season is 'The American Railway: Its Construction, Development, Management, and Appliances,' now brought out in a large volume by the Messrs. Scribner, after the several chapters have appeared in their magazine. The nearness of the theme, the authority of the writers, and the scope of the exposition, make this a work for almost every class of adult readers. Children, too, of a curious or mechanical turn of mind—or even, we might say, romantic—will quickly lose themselves in these pages, whose beautiful illustrations will lure them on. The whole production is eminently American, and the historic worth of such a conspectus, in the case of an art which undergoes as rapid changes as railroading, will be appreciated a decade or a quarter-century hence more than it is now.

About two months ago we spoke of the author of 'Froudacity: West Indian Fables, by James Anthony Froude, Explained by J. J. Thomas.' Mr. Thomas, as we then stated, was a pure African of Trinidad, and a pensioned schoolmaster of that colony, author of a valuable 'Creole Grammar' about to pass to a second edition. News has since come of his death. Meanwhile it has seemed as if a certain interest in the controversy with Mr. Froude should be felt in this country, and Gebbie & Co., Philadelphia, have put their imprint on an American edition of 'Froudacity.' It is a small book in large type, and can be quickly read, but it ought to be read slowly and thoughtfully—and indeed shamefully—in a land where color prejudice is still undiminished to any large extent either by the abolition of slavery, or by humane, religious, or political considerations. Mr. Thomas's contention that in the United States opportunities to rise "are really free and open to all," is still only nominally true of the black man, no matter what the shade of his complexion.

'Jane Eyre' is the latest addition to the "Camelot Series." (London: Walter Scott; New York: W. J. Gage & Co.). Mr. Clement K. Shorter furnishes an introductory sketch of the Brontë family which covers the ground sufficiently, but which inspires some distrust of the writer's critical capacity. "Like Carlyle, *Emerson*, and George Eliot," he says, "it was Charlotte Brontë's fate to fail as a poet while attaining success as a master of prose style." On this there is nothing to be said except that a few more such failures as Emerson's would, if they could be expected in this generation or the next, bring great joy to the American public. Mr. Shorter appends a Brontë chronology and bibliography that will be useful.

After M. Scherer and M. Taine, M. Ferdinand Brunetière is perhaps the foremost of contemporary French critics. He is a writer of "the old school" in more ways than one, with a solidity of learning and a breadth of judgment as unusual in conservatives as in radicals. From the *Revue des Deux Mondes* M. Brunetière has recently gathered together a dozen of his critical papers written during the past three years, making a volume called 'Questions de Critique' (Paris: Calmann Lévy; New York: F. W. Christern), which may be recommended to such as wish, for example, to see a vigorous statement of the real value of Gautier and Baudelaire—and it is not without interest to note that M. Brunetière's opinion of these greatly admired French writers is not at all unlike that expressed by Mr. Henry James in his 'French Poets and Novelists.' After an acute analysis of the character of Mme. de Maintenon, the articles most likely to interest an American reader are those on the "Influence of Women in French Literature," and on "La Littérature Personnelle," which latter is to be recommended especially to those who have received with open hands the journal of the Swiss Amiel, the diary of the Russian Marie Bashkirtseff, and the unspeakable self-revelation of the French Goncourts.

Among the new French annuals recently received here is the 'Almanach de l'*Illustration*' (New York: F. W. Christern), which contains the usual miscellany of wood-cuts and letterpress, this time chiefly about the Paris Exhibition. But among the portraits of new rulers, which are a specialty of this publication, there are two surprises for an American. The letterpress tells us that M. Cleveland and M. Turman have been succeeded by M. Harrison and M. Morton, and it appends the names of the present President and Vice-President to two wood-cuts—only the self-styled portrait of Mr. Harrison is really a portrait of Mr. Cleveland, and the self-styled portrait of Mr. Morton is a portrait of Mr. Thurman. This latter blunder is the more curious as Mr. Morton was for years our Minister in Paris.

The Christmas number of the *Art Journal* (International News Co.) is wholly occupied with "Rosa Bonheur, her Life and Work," by René Peyrol. Engravings from her principal paintings and facsimiles from her sketch-books are given—the latter somewhat cruelly, for they are even faultier than her finished work in catching the truth of animal locomotion. For a flagrantly impossible example, see the three horses on p. 21.

In the November number of the *New Review* there is an interesting elucidation of one of the minor mysteries of modern literature. "The Dead Heart," a play by the late Watts Phillips (now being acted in London at the Lyceum Theatre by Mr. Henry Irving and his company with a wealth of picturesque detail), was originally produced almost simultaneously with the publication of 'A Tale of Two Cities,' both works centring about the self-sacrifice of the hero on the guillotine during the French Revolution. Here was one of the coincidences of which the history of the drama is full, and not the least singular. Did Watts Phillips borrow from Dickens, as he afterwards borrowed the strong situation in the "Huguenot Captain" from Beaumont and Fletcher's "Custom of the Country"? Or did Dickens get a hint for his novel from the play of a literary inferior? The article in the *New Review* is by Mr. John Coleman, who shows not only that the "bone of contention" is also in the preceding "Chevalier de Maison-Rouge" of Dumas, of which there had been an English adaptation by Mr. Boucicault, but also that it is to be found in the still earlier 'Zanoni' of the late Lord Lytton. Then, by contemporary letters of Watts Phillips, he proves that "The Dead Heart" was written and accepted and paid for more than two years before Dickens had begun 'A Tale of Two Cities.' That Dickens knew of the unacted play is unlikely; most probably he borrowed unconsciously from Dumas or Lytton.

We have already noted that the little British trade monthly called the *Bookbinder* had a kindly but insular account of the bindings shown at the Paris Exhibition. This rather tradesmanlike correspondence drew forth from Mr. Cobden-Sanderson an admirable statement of the principles underlying the decoration of books, which may be found in the October number; and in the November number the writer of the original letter attempts a retort which only reveals his lack of understanding of the principles of art.

Gustav Freytag's 'Der Kronprinz und die deutsche Kaiserkrone' was printed in full in the *Belletristisches Journal* of this city of November 14.

By the will of the late John Crerar, a free public library to bear his name is provided for in Chicago by a bequest of some two and a half million of dollars—a sum which will make the new institution a respectable rival of the Newberry Library. A censorship in the interest of morality and "Christian sentiment" is stipulated, and "dirty French novels and all sceptical trash" will be excluded from the collection.

Through its President, Richard B. Westbrook, the American Secular Union (whose headquarters are at 1707 Oxford Street, Philadelphia), offers a prize of one thousand dollars for the best essay, treatise, or manual "adapted to aid and assist teachers in our *free public schools* and in the *Girard College* for orphans, and other public and charitable institutions professing to be unsectarian, to thoroughly instruct children and youth in the *purest principles of morality* without inculcating *religious doctrines*, thus recognizing the *legal right* under our *Federal Constitution* of all our citi-

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zens, Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants, Liberals and Agnostics, and all other classes, whether believers or disbelievers, to have their children instructed in all the branches of a common secular education in our *State* schools, without having their tender minds *biased* for or against any sect or party whatever." Not more than 100,000 words nor less than 60,000 are desired on this subject. The (type-written) essays should be sent anonymously as above, before April 1, 1890. Competitors may be of any nationality and of either sex.

An attempt is being made at Vassar College to collect and tabulate certain data regarding domestic service. The work has apparently grown out of a belief that some knowledge of the actual condition of such service, as viewed by both employer and employee, is essential to an intelligent discussion of the question. Three blanks are sent out. The one for employers asks concerning the number of employees, the time employed, and wages paid each; also, in regard to the population and industries of the community in order to ascertain how far domestic service is affected by competing forms of labor. The blank for employees asks concerning place of birth, wages received, and experience in other occupations. The third schedule relates to the women's exchange, training-schools for servants, etc. These schedules, with return postage prepaid, will be sent to all who are willing to coöperate in the work on application to the Department of History, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

—In advance of its approaching publication, we are enabled to give a few particulars regarding Part V. of Dr. Murray's 'New English Dictionary.' The forthcoming part extends from *cast* to the end of *cli-*, and therefore takes in the vocables in *ch-*, which constitute a noteworthy section of our vocabulary. It contains 8,371 words, of which 5,966 are main words, while 1,031 are combinations requiring separate explanations, and 1,374 are subordinate words. Of words in *ch-* there is an aggregate of 4,024. To the verb *cast* it has been found necessary to appropriate fifteen and a half columns, with five to the cognate substantive; to *Christ* and related words, nineteen columns; and to *church*, with its multitudinous compounds, twenty columns. Such facts as these indicate in a striking manner the enormous proportions of Dr. Murray's Dictionary, especially when it is taken into account that he consults economy of space to the utmost consistently with thoroughness of treatment; and they also furnish evidence of the prodigious labor which has been expended in providing him with materials. Distinguishing himself, as usual, in every department of his complicated undertaking, Dr. Murray, in Part V., signalizes, perhaps especially, his matchless ability as an etymologist. His discussion of the origin of *church* may be characterized as a very model of exhaustive induction, acute argument, and discreet conclusion. Those who are so ill-advised as to complain that his progress is not sufficiently rapid, must surely have failed to consider what would be the inevitable consequence if he consented to execute his Herculean task precipitately. It is to be hoped, and, indeed, it is confidently expected, that he will wisely resist all attempts to quicken his pace. *Festina lente*, it should be borne in mind, is the motto of every enlightened and conscientious workman.

— An exceedingly valuable piece of work, done with laborious and conscientious accuracy, is Whitney's 'Concise Dictionary of the Principal Roads, Chief Towns and Villages of Japan.' The volume is a handy, red-covered book of 400 pages, besides containing a folding map showing the post-roads, telegraph lines, railways, and other means of communication by land or water. The itineraries of each travel-route, and of each road connecting the chief towns of the Empire with their nearest neighbors of importance, are given, besides their geographical location and population. The compiler is the accomplished scholar, W. N. Whitney, M.D., interpreter of the United States Legation in Tokio. Besides this mass of geographical and other knowledge (for each name has its graphic equivalent in Chinese characters), there is an appendix containing the full text of the Constitution of Japan proclaimed February 11, 1889, the laws relating to the organization of cities, towns, and villages. There are also statistics respecting territory, population, agriculture, industry, commerce, navigation, banking, insurance, education, religion, hygiene, charities, police, prisons, army, navy, finance, and political administration. The whole work constitutes a very useful handbook of information, made possible only by the concurrence of governmental and private enterprise. Kelly & Walsh of Yokohama, and Trübner & Co. of London, are the publishers.

—Baron Haussmann is about to publish his 'Mémoires,' and has given the *Matin* some early information about their composition and character. When a well-preserved old gentleman sits down to such a task as this at the age of eighty, the world does not expect him to be concise. The Baron will, however, limit himself to the space of four volumes, the size of which he does not state. The first volume will recount his early life and studies in music and the law, and his earlier official years. The second and third will be devoted to the story of his work as Prefect of the Seine, when he supplied Paris with pure water and good sewers, besides "transforming" it by the new avenues and streets that have made his name famous. The whole cost of this transformation of Paris, he says, was five milliards, not a sou of which went into his own pockets. The last volume is as yet unwritten, and will be entirely political. If the Baron is frank, it is very likely to contain some interesting reading, for Haussmann was in a position to know a good many of the secrets of the Second Empire. At any rate there are sure to be in the book a satisfactory number of those indiscreet personalities which in these days (as before them) make the fortune of an autobiography. Baron Haussmann says plainly that he shall be personal in what he writes, and that he expects to be contradicted. He means to be *doux*, he says, and he gives a very pretty notion of his view of what constitutes *douceur* by quoting the following remark which he once made to the Empress: "If anybody gives me a blow, I always give him back four, just to keep him quiet for a while."

— The breath had hardly left M. Émile Augier's body when an active reporter of the *Petit Parisien* set out to interview M. Émile Zola as to his candidacy for the vacant chair at the Academy. Zola naturally protested against the indelicacy of such haste, but said that he was willing, speaking generally, to have it known that he expected at some time to become a candidate. Already for some years, he said, the small group of his friends in the Academy had been urging him to do this. The Academy, they pointed out, has shown by some of its later elections that its old-time prejudice against the new literary forms is weakened; and while Zola might not be successful on a first trial, still he was likely to repeat the experience of Victor Hugo, and be elected at a second. For a while Zola refused, but Daudet's letter of last year has led him to change his mind, and he is now "in the hands of his friends." When they shall say that the proper time is come, he is ready to write the customary letter and make the usual visits. He does not himself think that the time is yet come. Some people will hope that it has; among them those who hold Zola to be a better critic than romancer, and who would like to hear his eulogy on his predecessor.

— The Paris correspondent of the London *Standard* gives some account of a curious diplomatic difficulty which has arisen between the French authorities and the Turkish Ambassador. It seems that a French playwright, M. de Bornier, has written a five-act piece in verse called "Mahomet," which has been accepted at the Français, and has been announced for performance during the coming winter. Essad Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador, protests against this on the ground that it would be a gross insult to his nation and to all good Moslems if the Founder of Islam, whom they all love and reverence, should be put upon a Paris stage. To this M. Spuller is said to have answered that it was no uncommon thing for ministers of the Christian religion to be represented in this way, and Christian religious rites, and that even the Founder of the Christian religion himself had lately been brought into a play at the Théâtre Libre. Of course Essad Pasha made the obvious reply that this was perhaps a matter of taste; and while Christians might not be offended at such representations, good Moslems were, and on their behalf he called upon the French Government to prohibit the representation. The Government has not yet announced its decision, and the matter is still in suspense, though it is said to be most likely that the play will not be produced. There is something in the simplicity and directness of Essad Pasha's demands that recalls, though distantly, a story of Dr. von Döllinger's of a decision at Constantinople that manifested the same qualities. The Armenian clergy had a dispute with the Greek priests concerning the custom of mingling water with the sacramental wine. The dispute was finally brought before the Turkish reis-effendi for a judgment, who promptly ruled: "Wine is an impure drink, condemned by the Koran: pure water only, therefore, should be made use of."

— Mr. Wm. E. Coleman thinks we ought not to have said that Sanskritists have not exposed the nonsense of Occultism, in view of his critique of the 'Secret Doctrine' of Mme. Blavatsky in the Chicago *Religio-Philosophical Journal* for August 10, 17, 24, 31, and September 7, 1889. It is opportune to remark that in the way of being favored with out-of-the-way familiars, it falls to few to compete with Col. Olcott. Some weeks ago we had occasion to speak of certain Himalayan "Brothers," of whom the Colonel mysteriously hints that he knows more than he thinks fit to divulge, and whom he has rather unintelligibly cold-shouldered. And the hard hap of his aversion has been visited on them, notwithstanding that, as it is recorded, one of their number flitted through the air all the way from his frost-bitten habitation to New York, and, before he spread his wings to return home, left his turban with the Colonel as a keepsake. Fearless of their revenge—provided they are capable of such an infirmity—the Colonel has now, we learn, taken to patronizing a new set of supernaturals, infranaturals, or whatever they may be. Information has reached us from Dublin

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suggestive of his having lately been cultivating the acquaintance of Fairies and Banshees. It is only the benighted ignorance of materialism, he has discovered, that blindly looks upon these shy and pretty creatures as moonshiny. Science, if it minds its proper business, will eschew the presumption of meddling or making with them. *Suum cuique.* As to the Banshees, who, for reasons of their own, have never thought fit to wander out of Ireland, the irreverent theory that they were bred between Hibernian piety and poteen must, it seems, be discarded. With reference to the Fairies, as they are not peculiar to any country, one may also allow that no similarly discrediting speculation touching their origin is, unless rigorously authenticated, permissible. Let us hope, in their honor, that, on further investigation, when the Colonel comes to know all about them, he will find that their story, unlike that of the Himalayan "Brothers," will bear telling to a profane world, and, moreover, that he will tell it. A London newspaper just received makes mention of Mr. Barnum and the Colonel in ominously close proximity. It would be a pity if the opportunity now offered to the Colonel were to go unutilized. Olympia, to which all Cockneydom is at present flocking, to see the "Biggest Show on Earth," would certainly possess a novel attraction in a troop of Fairies and Banshees with the gallant Colonel to put them through their paces.

—It would be ungracious to apply the strict standards of scholarship to efforts purely literary, especially when such efforts are palpably a labor of unselfish love. We have before us 'Gudrun, a Mediæval Epic,' translated from the Middle High German by Mary Pickering Nichols (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The volume is a credit to both publisher and translator, and we hope it may help to spread the knowledge of mediæval German poetry among those who are debarred the original. We have not examined all the seventeen hundred stanzas; we have, however, read the sixth tale, Horant's Singing, line by line with the German, both in Bartsch's edition and in Martin's. In general we can say that the rendering is correct and also smooth, with occasional pleonasms (*Flicksätze*) that seem to be inevitable in all translating. The cadence of the verse is as adequate as our modern English speech will suffer it to be; perhaps the concluding hemistich of each stanza is a trifle heavy. We have noted a few errors, but do not feel called upon to linger over them. The translation is a pleasing one; many little turns are extremely happy, and the tone of the original is well preserved. One has always the comfortable assurance that the translator is doing her work faithfully. It is gratifying to reflect that the first to render 'Gudrun' is a countrywoman of ours.

HENRY DE ROHAN.

Henry de Rohan: Son rôle politique et militaire sous Louis XIII. (1579-1638). Par Auguste Laugel. Paris: Firmin-Didot et Cie.

Henry de Rohan, the last of the great Huguenot leaders, came from an ancient Breton stock which had formed alliances with some of the noblest families in Europe. His paternal grandmother was Isabel d'Albret, the great-aunt of Henry IV., and in him were to reappear undiminished the unbending spirit and iron resolution of the D'Albret family. His mother was Catherine de Parthenay, the heiress of the Lusignans, a curious compound of sturdiness and oddity, with something of the heroic. She was a Greek scholar and a mathematician; she wrote poetry, and educated her own children. The characteristics of the mother are seen in the son, but he did not inherit all her tastes. Of mathematics he was fond, but he learned nothing of Greek, and Latin he esteemed superfluous. History was a passion, and history with him meant Plutarch, whose heroes, particularly Epaminondas, Scipio, and Cæsar, he took for models. He hardened himself after the Spartan manner, with its days of fasting and sleepless nights. In 1598 his education was rounded off, in the good old style, with "the grand tour," which occupied two years, and took him through Italy, Germany, the Low Countries, and England.

In 1605 he married Marguerite de Béthune, Sully's daughter, but on account of her youth the marriage was not consummated until four years later. This marriage had its trials for a man of Rohan's seriousness and purity of life. Tallemant de Réaux found in Mme. de Rohan a subject to his taste. Fra Paoli tells us that Leo X. would have made a perfect Pope if to his other accomplishments had been added some knowledge of religious affairs and an inclination to personal piety; and with equal philosophy Tallemant says of Mme. de Rohan: "Cette femme en un pays où l'adultère eust esté permis, eust esté une femme fort raisonnable." The marriage was of Henry the Fourth's making, and, with the King, Rohan seems always to have been on intimate and friendly terms. Henry's death changed everything, and the career of the Duke of Rohan as the last great leader of the Huguenots was begun. His position was fully recognized in 1611 at the Assembly of Saumur, and this is the point where M. Laugel's detailed narrative begins. Rohan was so identified with the political and religious movements of the Reformed, that the careful researches of his biographer have thrown new light on the long contest between the churches and the Crown. Although Rohan was arrayed against the Crown, he did not seek to depress the monarchy, like the leaders of the various earlier oppositions of the nobility.

As we look back upon the period, the Reformed seem to have misjudged the times, particularly after the accession of Richelieu to power. They underestimated the strength of the Crown, and their line of action was suited rather to the previous century. They dallied with the party of the Queen mother, a purely political factional opposition, which cared nothing for their cause and would drop them at any time. They decided upon war rashly, without weighing the cost, and in one or two instances against Rohan's advice. They feared the gradual loss of their strongholds by the steady aggression of the Crown, but in appealing to arms as they did, without soldiers enough to defend the strongholds, they invited the certain loss of some of them, and ran the risk of losing all. Their earlier leaders among the nobility gradually forsook the cause. Some had lost sympathy with their belligerent disposition, but more were enticed by offices and honors. Dazzling offers were made to Rohan, but he was a man of different stuff.

The mixture of political and religious elements thus produced intersecting party lines. The King's party contained some Protestants, the Opposition, as a whole, comprised two sections—the Reformed and the adherents of the Queen mother. The party cleavage was less direct and simple than it had been earlier. Had Henry IV. lived, the contest would probably have been avoided, but Louis XIII. inherited his father's taste for war, without his personal magnetism, his open-mindedness, or his tolerant spirit. Louis was serious, and came to think he had a mission to repress heresy. The churches realized this, and were in a state of vague but increasing apprehension. The restoration of the church property in Béarn prompted them to take decisive steps. Rohan would have been glad to mediate, but neither party seemed disposed to such a solution.

Writers in this age of democracy have often moralized upon the democratic tendencies of Calvinism. Without giving adherence to all that has been affirmed on this topic, we may yet find some interesting illustrations of the phenomena upon which the opinion is based in the proceedings of the important General Assembly of Rochelle in December, 1620. Called together in the face of the King's orders, it consisted of fifty-seven members, not counting absentees. Most of them were from the South. They were pure delegates, tied to instructions, with practically no representative power. This exhibits the element of disintegration in democracy. In spite of the warning experience of church councils, the Assembly decided to vote by individuals and not by districts, thus giving the preponderance to the South, which was at once more inflamed and less attached to the Crown. A more striking example of democracy was the levelling the three orders to perfect equality. The small size of the gathering prevented any tumultuous results from these radical methods. The Assembly divided France into eight military departments, and seven noblemen were appointed leaders, but only Rohan and his brother responded effectively. In its rôle of a "Continental Congress," the Assembly assumed sovereign powers and retained them for its own committees. No truce or peace could be concluded without its consent; it was to be represented by a committee of three in the council of the commander-in-chief; soldiers were recruited only in its name, and it appointed all the higher officers. Revenues were to be secured by appropriating the Crown's taxes, the incomes of benefices, ransoms of towns and individuals, a sixth of the spoil, the admiralty court fees, and passport fees. M. Laugel believes that the aim of this *ordre général* was not, as has been supposed by some, the establishment of a republic like the United Netherlands. It was merely a special organization to secure the triumph of their cause, and its seal bore the legend, *Pro Christo et rege.*

The details of the contest we cannot enter upon. It was a death struggle. In its religious aspect it was a struggle for guaranteed rights of religious life and worship against the encroachments of the Catholic reaction; politically it was almost the last phase of the ages-long conflict in France between the forces of consolidation and disintegration. Under the existing views consolidation meant the suppression of the Reformed. In the previous century the Protestants had their own candidates for the crown in case of victory, but now they had no one to set up against Louis. The struggle, as Richelieu clearly perceived, involved the authority of the King in his own realm; it was to determine whether the work of political unification should be completed or should fail. The end was not far when the Reformed were reduced to seek help from Spain, as they did in 1629. The movement of Louis XI. and of his great forerunners had gained too much momentum to fail now with the master hand of Richelieu behind it. The result of the war was the loss of everything the Reformed had contended for.

Rohan had no further interest in French politics, and went to Venice. There he formed the plan of purchasing from the Grand Seignior the island of Cyprus, which he de-

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signed as a refuge for Protestant exiles. This novel plan was interrupted by the death of the Patriarch Cyril, who was the intermediary in the transaction. M. Laugel doubts whether this project seriously occupied him. But when we remember the historic position of his maternal ancestors, the Lusignans, as Kings of Cyprus, his devotion to the Protestant cause, and his adventurous spirit, recking little of mere expediency or practicability, it seems not unlikely that the idea may have possessed him for a time. It was while he was in Venice that most of his literary work was done. Later he entered the service of the King, and was intrusted with the occupation of the Grisons and the Valteline. Although he was highly successful for a time, lack of resources and the neglect of the home government so hampered him that his efforts failed at the end. At no time of his life is his fine conscientiousness better illustrated than in his efforts to secure to the Catholics of the Valteline their rights. We next find Rohan in the camp of Bernard of Saxe-Weimar. But the end was near. He was wounded in the foot at the battle of Rheinfelden, February 28, 1638, and died of an abscess on the brain April 13.

Although not an old man, his career was finished. Religiously, he was a thorough Protestant, but of the earlier, less factious type, and the wrangling of the Assemblies drew heavily upon his patience. Once he said he had rather preside over a pack of wolves than over an assembly of ministers. Ministerial manners have no doubt softened since that strenuous age. Rohan was as fine a specimen of the Puritan as it is possible to imagine a French nobleman becoming. Two or three passages in his well-known letter to Condé in 1628 have quite a Cromwellian flavor. Politically he belonged to the previous century; the times had grown away from him. His private life was dignified and beyond reproach in the midst of severe trials. We rise from M. Laugel's narrative feeling that in a happier conjuncture of circumstances Rohan's character and abilities would have made him a far greater figure in history than he is. It is strange that he should have had to wait two centuries and a half for an adequate biography, but, doubtless, his own memoirs, which are among the very best of the time, have seemed to preempt the ground.

M. Laugel has given us a most painstaking and scholarly work, and every available printed and manuscript source has been utilized with admirable industry. An appendix contains a considerable amount of Rohan's correspondence on the political affairs of the time. One error may be noted. On p. 82 the maxim given as "Cujus religio, ejus princeps," should read, "Cujus regio, ejus religio."

A NEW EDITION OF BAGEHOT'S WRITINGS.

The Works of Walter Bagehot, M.A., and Fellow of University College, London, with Memoir by R. H. Hutton. Now first published in full by The Travelers' Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut. Edited by Forrest Morgan. In five volumes. Hartford. 1889.

We do not profess to understand what advantages the Travelers' Insurance Company anticipates from this publication, nor how it justifies its claim of copyright. There is no show of evidence that Mr. Bagehot's English publishers or his heirs have been consulted in the matter; nor, on the other hand, is there anything in the modest advertisement of the company's name—printed at the head of the alternate pages—that seems calculated to induce the reader to apply for a policy of insurance. As to the matter of copyright, it must be observed that Bagehot has now been gone from us some dozen years, and is beginning to loom up among the classical authors—the pets of posterity, whose reward is enduring fame, and not evanescent profit. Furthermore, his works, including many articles practically inaccessible, in magazines and elsewhere, have received an editing at the hands of Mr. Morgan that has greatly enhanced their value—an editing so careful, so appreciative, so lovingly severe, and withal so indispensably necessary, that Bagehot himself might well consider that he had come very well out of the hands of his captors—indeed, that he had got more from them than they from him.

For Mr. Morgan assures us, and he supports his assertion with abundant proofs, that the text of the previous editions of Bagehot's works is in a shockingly corrupt state. There is nothing, he says, even remotely approaching it in the case of any other English writer of high rank since Shakspere's time. In fact, Bagehot seems to have been about as indifferent and unscrupulous in matters of literary workmanship as Shakspere himself. He could not, living in these days, commit wild anachronisms and wholly disregard geography; but he invented quotations, he credited them to wrong authors, and he mangled them abominably. He wrote a rather illegible hand, and he would not even take the trouble to correct his proofs. What is more difficult for an editor to deal with is the "murdered grammar and impossible syntax" with which his works abound. His writings would have been unhesitatingly condemned by every school-teacher because they could not be parsed, and he even wrote ungrammatically in cold blood when he thought it would make his point more effective. Mr. Morgan, it appears, was quite unaware of the extent of the task that he had assumed until he began to verify Bagehot's quotations, and his groanings over the unforeseen labor are certainly excusable. But they are perhaps a little too loudly uttered; his work speaks for itself. It is in a sense its own reward, but its irksomeness will be appreciated by a considerable and increasing circle of readers whose gratitude is to be presumed.

The principles upon which Mr. Morgan has conducted his revision seem to be both scholarly and judicious. He has religiously abstained from altering what Bagehot really wrote or unquestionably meant to write. His method is best explained in his own language:

"In no case have I meddled with the structure of a sentence in any way; in a few cases I have called attention to the entanglement of the syntax, but I have not even attempted to mend such atrocities as 'The period at which the likeness was attempted to be taken' (beginning of the English Constitution), or other like gems of English. But I do not think that even editorial fidelity or reverence for the memory of a great man . . . binds me to allow a plural noun to remain coupled with a singular verb (or vice versa), or a singular pronoun in one clause set off against a plural one in the following like clause, or a present and a past tense similarly yoked together in a most discordant union—merely because the great man did not read his proofs and a patent slip of the pen remained uncorrected. I do not believe even he, little as he cared for such things, would wish to have all the rags and tatters of his haste and slovenliness scrupulously saved up and exhibited to posterity, any more than a public speaker would care to have a phonograph record an accidental hiccough; nor do I believe that even the most devoted admirers of Bagehot, to whom every word is worth preserving as instinct with the flavor of that rich mind (among whom I count myself), care to have their senses jarred upon by such purely accidental slips."

However, to be upon the safe side, Mr. Morgan has conscientiously tabulated these changes, so that he who is so minded can reconstruct the text in its original impurity. He has also been so considerate of the needs of possible uncultivated readers as to translate all extracts from foreign languages, which has given him an opportunity to introduce from various sources some very passable renderings of Béranger. It is unnecessary to say that he has supplied a full index, which 2,700 pages of such matter as this most richly deserve, but have not hitherto had. Of the portrait which forms the frontispiece the less said the better; but the general appearance of the volumes is good, although they are a little too heavy to be comfortably held. Altogether, since, as we have shown, the sin of buying this edition of Bagehot is of an unusually venial character, we do not know how the sum of five dollars can be invested to greater advantage. Bagehot's writings upon politics and finance are pretty well known in this country, but his literary essays will probably reveal him in a new light to most of his readers.

It may be added that what the editor modestly calls his preface is in the main a critical introduction of a high order of merit. In Mr. Hutton's memoir flexibility of style becomes almost a vice; he writes charmingly and with the feeling of a personal friend, but he writes so easily that he becomes diffuse. Mr. Morgan keeps closer to the point. He too writes with affectionate reverence, but at the same time with a very concise plainness of utterance. With a good deal of his criticism we cannot altogether agree, but we are glad to have it, and should be glad to have it, under other circumstances, at greater length. We may go much further than this, and say that Bagehot himself would probably have been glad to have it, and that it would have been a great help to him. He ought to have visited this country, and, failing that, he ought to have had thoughtful Americans to talk with. So far as we know, he had none, and in consequence his views of our Constitution exhibit to some extent the weakness of those views of the English Constitution which it is one of his chief merits to have exposed. But, after all, we know much more about ourselves now than we did when he was writing about us.

That Bagehot should be generally read in this country is at the present time eminently desirable. There is more political thinking than there has been for a long time, but it is to a great extent bad thinking. It is loose and vague and highly uncritical. The insatiable craving for novelty leads people to read only the works of the latest writers, who in their turn content themselves with the suggestions of their contemporaries. One of the chief merits of Bagehot's writing is, that it always makes the reader feel that everything new is the development of something old; that one cannot understand the present or anticipate the future without knowing the past. It promotes a kind of modest and wholesome scepticism: Bagehot himself, at his best, was a modern Socrates. He never seems positive or dogmatic; he assumes an air of ignorance in order that his reader may feel on a level with him, and, having thus disarmed opposition, he states his theories in such a way that the reader feels that he might have discovered them for himself. Upon his originality it is unnecessary to dwell; as Mr. Birrell has said, he carried away with him into the next world more originality than is left in the Three Estates of the Realm. He was great because of this imaginative power; but he was persuasive because of his moderation. He understood the enormous complexity

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of human institutions, the impossibility of changing the thing you mean to change without changing many things that you meant to let alone, the folly of dogmatizing upon the unknown futurity of evolution; and he induces a similar spirit of moderation in his readers. His style is admirable, because it reveals this mental attitude; he has left us in his essay on Hartley Coleridge a description of what was perhaps his own ideal as a writer:

"Many people give many theories of literary composition, and Dr. Blair (whom we will read) is sometimes said to have exhausted the subject; but unless he has proved to the contrary, we believe that the knack in style is to write like a human being. Some think they must be wise, some elaborate, some concise; Tacitus wrote like a pair of stays; some startle, as Thomas Carlyle or a comet inscribing with his tail: but legibility is given to those who neglect these notions, and are willing to be themselves—to write their own thoughts in their own words, in the simplest words, in the words wherein they were thought."

It is because men feel that it is not merely a human being, but a wise, genial, lovable, and inspiring human being, who speaks to them, that Bagehot's fame is secure.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—III.

Mr. Baring-Gould's 'Grettir the Outlaw' (Scribner & Welford) is one of the best and most famous of the old sagas of Iceland charmingly retold. The hero, Grettir the Strong, is undoubtedly a real person, and the saga has, accordingly, an historical background; but the narrative has been embellished by the saga-tellers with many marvellous episodes and incidents that manifestly did not originally belong to it at all, and have either been taken in from folk-tales, or have been united to it by that sort of accretion which we see in the stories of popular heroes elsewhere. The scene of action is the northwestern part of Iceland, and Norway, during the short life of Grettir, between 997 and 1031. The story is of surpassing interest, as it follows the career of the brave but unlucky Grettir in his fight with the fate that it seems impossible for him to avoid. Like a true champion of the heroic time in which he lived, his hand is always on his sword, and the fortunate possessor of the book will read with bated breath of the struggle with Karr the Old in the burial mound, the tussle with the bear and the fall over the cliff in Norway, and the brave defence, when an outlaw in Iceland, that he more than once made single-handed against the armed force that had come to slay him. In the awful fight with Glam, there is a curious echo of the Grendel episode of our own ancient English epic, the 'Beowulf.'

Grettir, like many another Icelander of his day, is also a scald, and leaves no proper occasion unused for delivering his impromptu strophes. Some of the scenes described are among the best and most characteristic, in their way, in the saga literature. When, for instance, the boat comes off to the ship, upon Grettir's return from Norway, and he hears, one after the other, of the death of his father, the slaying of his brother, and his own outlawry with a price upon his head, not a muscle quivers, but he hurls out his determination for vengeance in a verse. Grettir, finally, with many adventures, filled with hasty flights and vain pursuit, comes to the lonely island, Drangey, in the Skagafirth. Here, after twenty years of banishment, when already dying and unable to defend himself as of old, he is, at last, set upon and slain by his enemies. The story is admirably told. Mr. Baring-Gould has a keen appreciation of the spirit and meaning of the Icelandic original, and his own personal knowledge of the saga localities adds infinitely, in many places, to the interest and vividness of the narration. There is a number of spirited illustrations, and the book is, all in all, one of the very best of its kind.

That indefatigable story-teller, Mr. R. M. Ballantyne, in his latest book, 'Blown to Bits' (T. Nelson & Sons), uses the great eruption of the volcano on the island of Krakatoa, near Java, in August, 1883, for the main incidents of his tale. Naturally it reminds one somewhat of the 'Mysterious Island' of Jules Verne, and nearly equals that romance in its improbabilities. The descriptions of the phenomena connected with the eruptions, during which nearly forty thousand persons perished, are vivid and no doubt truthful, as they are derived from the recent report of a Committee of the Royal Society upon them. Mr. Ballantyne's attempts to write in dialect are very amusing. His negro talk especially is a pure creation of his own imagination.

There are five short stories in 'Tales of Daring and Danger' (Scribner & Welford), by G. A. Henty, the scenes of which are laid in India, China, the English Channel, and California. They are all well told and interesting, especially the first, an account of an adventure of an English officer with dacoits in India. The one entitled "A Pipe of Mystery" is a strange story of the manner in which two officers were rescued during the Indian mutiny by means of dreams induced by opium.

In some respects 'Jed,' by Warren L. Goss (Crowell & Co.), is the best boys' book about the Civil War that we ever read. The hero, a Massachusetts lad who, having been a drummer-boy in the regular army before the war, wins his shoulder-straps by faithful service and falls in one of the last skirmishes, is a manly fellow with a noble spirit, of whom no boy can read without being the better for it. There is an air of truthfulness about the book, also, which confirms the author's statement that the incidents narrated are real ones. The description of Andersonville Prison is an unusually powerful piece of writing, while the account of the escape of Jed and his companions possesses a thrilling interest. Notwithstanding the vivid picture of the sufferings of the Union prisoners, these are related without bitterness. The incident of help given to the fugitives by the crippled Confederate soldier, out of gratitude for kindness received in a Northern prison, is characteristic of the spirit in which the story is written.

'Redeeming the Republic' (Harper & Bros.), the third volume of Mr. C. C. Coffin's history of the Civil War, treats of the events of the first half of the year 1864. The principal topics are, of course, the Wilderness campaign of Gen. Grant, whom he leaves just beginning the siege of Petersburg, and Gen. Sherman's operations against Johnston and Hood, which resulted in the capture of Atlanta. It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Coffin writes in a vigorous manner, and that his account of the scenes of which he was an eye-witness is particularly effective and interesting. He impresses his readers, also, with a sense of his trustworthiness. He shows clearly the bravery and heroic self-sacrifice which characterized multitudes on both sides, and never seeks to heighten the merits of the great Union leaders by belittling or abusing their opponents. He attempts, however, to relate too much, to give far too many details, and the result is very confusing. In a history of this kind, it is impossible to tell the part which each regiment or even each brigade played in a great battle, without making it exceedingly difficult to get a clear idea of what was attempted and accomplished by the army as a whole. Mr. Coffin by the way, while describing very fully other minor operations of this year, is rather reticent in regard to the remarkable campaign of Gen. Butler. The spirit which is displayed now and then is not quite so judicious as that of the previous volume, and there are signs of haste in preparation. With all its defects, however, this is, in our opinion, the best long history of the war yet written for young people. There are numerous sketch-maps and pictures, some of which are admirable specimens of the engraver's art.

If it were not stated upon the title-page that Mrs. Farmer's 'Short History of the French Revolution' (Crowell) was "for young people," we should never have classed it as a juvenile, for it is wholly unfitted, by style and treatment, for this class of readers. The history begins on page 86, with chap. iv., "Louis XVI. and the Direful Deficit." The three chapters which begin the book are taken up with an elaborate discussion of the causes of the Revolution, and—will it be believed?—a summary of the political changes of the period, down to the Consulate, and of its legislative work. Could anything be imagined better calculated to repel the young reader? When the author is fairly in her work, her aim is a correct one—a graphic picture of the successive phases of the Revolution, and much of the work is well done; but she makes the mistake, made by so many, of thinking that vigor and picturesqueness are attained by an abundant use of adjectives. She appears to have thought, also, that a great number of extracts from Carlyle, Thiers, Lamartine, Mignet, etc., would give to her work the excellences of these writers; hardly a page is without quotation marks. This method can result in nothing but scrappiness, and the total sacrifice of unity of treatment.

Mr. Edward Eggleston has given us, in his 'First Book in American History' (Appletons), a model of its kind. The history of a nation is very difficult to present intelligibly to the mind of a child, because the picturesque treatment which alone is suited to children is not easily maintained for long stretches of time, and because, moreover, children lack the capacity to follow a continuous narration, covering centuries, in which the only thread of connection is one adapted to adults—the continuity of national life and the sequence of cause and effect. For these reasons we have noticed that children do not as a rule care for national histories but only for stories of special events and personalities. Mr. Eggleston follows the right plan of associating history with biography. He selects seventeen or eighteen persons whose lives approximately cover the whole period of American history—Columbus, the Cabots, John Smith, Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and others—and gives a remarkably lucid and interesting account of them. The knowledge of American history which the child will obtain from a book like this is, of course, incomplete, but so is any knowledge which he can obtain; and at any rate it is interesting, and will stay by him. The only criticism we have to make is an occasional reticence in drawing conclusions—even such as may fairly be presented to the child's mind. When it is said (p. 160) that Jackson "was the first President who put out of office those who had voted against him, and appointed his own friends to their places," a line or two to show the disastrous effects of this would start the child well on the way to civil-service reform. So (p. 185) the remark that "slavery was abolished in all the territory of the United States," might well

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have been followed by some brief statement of the salutary results of this act, or at least accompanied by some definition of slavery. The illustrations are numerous, and in the finest style of wood engraving—sometimes too fine; we cannot bring ourselves to admire the "mushiness" of the cuts on pages 172 and 173, for example, even if this is the triumph of the American school.

The early history of Maryland is the main theme of 'A Colonial Boy' (Boston: D. Lothrop Co.), by Mrs. N. B. Eyster. An old house in Frederick, full of antiquities, is the scene of the story, and there are two heroes, a schoolboy of to-day and a lad the son of one of the first settlers. The former discovers a diary of the latter giving incidents in the history of the first few months of the colony. This diary, in which the author reproduces the spirit, though hardly the quaint style of those days, cannot fail to awaken an interest in a somewhat unfamiliar part of our early annals. The best chapter, however, is that which describes an unexpected visit to General and Mrs. Washington at Mt. Vernon, which is a charming piece of writing. The author, who, in the closing pages, makes an enthusiastic plea for justice to the Indians, errs, we think, in stating that Gen. Burgoyne paid "them a price for all the scalps and prisoners that they obtained." This old accusation rests on very doubtful authority.

'Kibboo Ganey' (Boston: Roberts Bros.), by Walter Wentworth, is the very improbable, though interesting, story of an expedition across the Sahara to the northern shore of Lake Tchad. The principal actors are two American boys, a negro, who has been a slave to a Southern planter and turns out to be a king, and a bulldog. Their adventures are numerous and exciting. The author promises a sequel "which will deal with the dangers and horrors of the slave-trade."

There are many charming pictures of Swedish life in the early part of the century in 'The Loss of John Humble' (Scribner & Welford), by G. Norway, which give this book an unusual interest and even value. The house of the Stockholm merchant is pleasantly pictured, while the little maiden Frida is a character of whom the reader becomes very fond. So is it with the hero, a sailor-boy, who is wrecked near the North Cape. He and his companions spend the winter on this desolate shore in a snow hut, amid privations and sufferings most graphically described. Finally they are rescued by a party of Lapps with dog-sledges, which gives the author, who appears to be a Norseman (though there is no intimation that the book is a translation), an opportunity to describe some of the customs of these rather uninteresting people. John gets safely back to his friends, but every reader of his adventures will grieve with him over the death of the gallant Capt. Erlingsen.

MISS ALCOTT.

Louisa May Alcott: Her Life, Letters, and Journals. Edited by Ednah D. Cheney. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1889. Pp. 404.

THE life of Miss Alcott is one more instance—if any more were needed—of how difficult a task is the search for happiness. In spite of the great success of her books, the strongest impression that is left, after reading her letters and her journals and the additional matter supplied by Mrs. Cheney, is that her life, as a whole, was very far from successful, as regards any satisfaction that she got out of it for herself. At the time when she was making countless children, in other countries as well as in this, happy with her stories, she was herself broken down with ill-health, and not in a condition to enjoy her hard-won ease.

Her life consists of two parts: up to the age of thirty she was weighed down by poverty and by the hard work of supporting her family by writing sensational stories; at that time (1862) she went to the seat of war as a hospital nurse, and the 'Hospital Sketches' which her experience there gave rise to laid the foundation of her more solid reputation as a writer, but she never fully recovered from the effects of the typhoid-pneumonia with which she was sent home sick. She says: "I was never ill before this time, and never well afterward." As her earnings became more magnificent, the necessities of her family increased with equal pace. One sister became a widow with two boys to educate; one had to be sent to Europe to study art; she was unwilling that her father or her mother should lack for any comfort. There are people who are not made unhappy by ill-health and over-work, but Miss Alcott was not one of them. To sacrifice one's whole life to one's parents and sisters is so far above the ordinary level of human virtue that we have no right to demand in addition that the victim should go wreathed in smiles to the very end. There is a picture in 'Little Women' of a scene of passionate weeping on the part of Jo because her sister Amy and not herself is chosen by Aunt March to accompany her to Europe; and throughout this life there is an undercurrent of a feeling of injustice because one who is such an unremitting bestower of active happiness upon others receives so little for herself. It is one more instance of the uncertainty of virtue (any more than selfish pleasure-seeking) being its own reward, to a nature which is not yet sufficiently developed to feed upon such ethereal food.

This memoir cannot, as a whole, be pronounced interesting reading. As a faithful *précis* of one more experiment in the art of carrying on a life, it has a permanent value; but it is too largely made up of an account of the separate amounts received from publishers for the successive stories and books, not to be a little monotonous. Miss Alcott seems to have had no intimate friends outside of her own family, and of the interesting people that she met there is little record in that part of her diary which is preserved. On dining with the elder Henry James, she says of his son (who had just reviewed 'Moods' for the *North American Review*), "Being a literary youth, he gave me advice, as if he had been eighty and I a girl. My curly crop made me look young, though thirty-one." In 1868 she was still living in her sky-parlor in Boston and sewing her own nine-penny dresses (p. 198). In May of that year she writes: "Mr. N. wants a girl's story, and I begin 'Little Women.' . . . I don't enjoy this sort of thing. Never liked girls, or knew many, except my sisters; but our queer plays and experiences may prove interesting, though I doubt it." And in June: "Sent twelve chapters of 'Little Women' to Mr. N. He thought it dull; so do I. But work away and mean to try the experiment; for lively, simple books are very much needed for girls, and perhaps I can supply the need." In 1872 she received $3,000 from the *Christian Union* for 'Work,' and she was obliged to write it three sheets at once, on impression paper, because Roberts of Boston and Low of London were also eagerly waiting for copy.

Girls were everywhere very enthusiastic over her books, and eager to take her hand. At the Woman's Congress in Syracuse, one energetic woman grasped her hands and exclaimed: "If you ever come to Oshkosh, your feet will not be allowed to touch the ground. You will be borne in the arms of the people! Will you come?"

Of her methods of work, she says:

"I never had a study. Any pen and paper do, and an old atlas on my knee is all I want. Carry a dozen plots in my head and think them over when in the mood. Often lie awake and plan whole chapters word for word, then merely scribble them down as if copying. Used to sit fourteen hours a day at one time, eating little and unable to stir till a certain amount was done. Very few stories written in Concord; no inspiration in that dull place; go to Boston, hire a quiet room and shut myself up in it."

Miss Alcott was a strong advocate of the suffrage for women, and was the first woman to register her name as a voter in Concord. Throughout her life she was a constant playgoer, and a frequent actor in private theatricals; at one time she was upon the point of going upon the stage. She had little sympathy with her father's transcendental philosophy. She had too keen a sense of humor to take very seriously the Summer School of Philosophy at Concord, in which her father found the high-water mark of his serene and peaceful existence. Of a club-meeting in Boston, she writes:

"Had a very transcendental day yesterday, and at night my head was 'swelling wisibly' with the ideas cast into it. The Club was a funny mixture of rabbis and weedy old ladies, the 'oversoul' and oysters. Papa and B. flew clean out of sight, like a pair of Platonic balloons, and we tried to follow, but couldn't."

Mrs. Cheney has performed her task with great discretion and good taste—with warm sympathy for her subject, but without exaggeration of the claims which her books make for permanent recollection.

The atmosphere of Miss Alcott's story-books is not that in which the most careful mother wishes her children to be brought up. It is not that slang and occasional lapses from a strict grammar are in themselves so very objectionable, but that they are the natural accompaniments of a mental tone which is more or less destructive both of a delicate æsthetic feeling and of a careful scientific mode of thought. As an escape from the mechanical and the goody-goody kind of children's books, which was once almost the only kind that existed, they were books to be thankful for; and as a faithful record of one phase of New England life, they have a real value; but there are now (since all have got the seed) many books to be had for children which are equally real and vivid, and of a more delicate flavor. And there are still a few old-fashioned children in existence who eat porridge and bread and milk, and to whom Miss Edgeworth's stories are a natural and a palatable mental diet.

A Book of Vagrom Men and Vagrant Thoughts. By Alfred T. Story. London: Authors' Coöperative Publishing Co. 1889.

AUTOLYCUS is the patron saint of but a few gypsying books, and the freshness of spirit in this one makes it welcome for the hour which is all it claims. The tramp is so frequently set before us as a moral and philanthropic object that it is a relief to find him again with only picturesqueness for his attribute, and, so far from being a dangerous nuisance, the terror of housewives, once more represented as harmlessly entertaining or even humbly useful. But we fear Mr. Story's tramps belong to the past. For one thing, they all have a business: they are musicians, or peddlers, or ballad-singers, or even itinerant preachers; one of them is a tinker, and another a grave-digger, though why this last is included among "vagrom men" passes our guessing, since

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surely none is more bound to his acre for his trade. Sparrows, too, are embraced in the list, and the ass (an encomium after Victor Hugo's poem). Strawberries, dolls, and bridges, which are other titles of these little essays, we take to be the subjects of Mr. Story's "Vagrant Thoughts."

The author's aim is modest and he succeeds in entertaining the reader. The sentiment is helped by reminiscences of the village whence he began his journey in life, with its mill wheel and its weathercock, and by the friendliness for the poor and outcast which runs like a strand through the chapters. Anecdote is also used with effect—village tragedies that remind one of Guy de Maupassant's peasant stories; and a touch of the quietest humor occasionally lights the gossiping page. The whole is entirely English in landscape and character, and takes one back to the roadsides and cottages of minor English writers, who succeeded so much better in rendering the lot of the country creatures than Wordsworth did with all his fine theories and high morals, in which he forgot and lost "the primal sympathy" with simple man. The book is a slight work, but has individuality, and in an unpretending way makes us acquainted with its author's experiences. It winds up, unfortunately, with an extraordinarily bad copy of verses in the worst Peter Bell style.

Children of the State. By Florence Davenport-Hill. Edited by Fanny Fowke. 2d edition, revised and enlarged. Macmillan.

SELDOM can an author have the satisfaction of recording in the second edition of a work the extensive adoption of theories and methods advocated in the first, as can Miss Florence Davenport-Hill. As early as 1841 a Royal Commission had been appointed to inquire into the condition of pauper children, who, in England at least, were brought up in schools within the workhouses. The result of that inquiry was the removal of such schools from the workhouse enclosure to the country districts. These large schools, however, soon developed unexpected evils of their own, and their efficacy was questioned by certain enlightened observers, who set about discovering the source of these evils and the best way of getting rid of them. As early as 1846, Miss Mary Carpenter had begun her work "for the perishing and dangerous classes," and had written and spoken in behalf of home life for pauper children; in 1862 Mrs. Archer had placed a few such at board in her own parish, and Miss Boucheret had made a similar experiment.

Up to this period we find plenty of criticism of existing institutions and a few isolated experiments in more enlightened methods, but no general adoption of a different policy by the Government. In 1865 Miss Frances Power Cobbe had called attention to the forlorn condition of pauper girls, and to the plan pursued in Scotland for bringing up the "children of the State." Adopting Miss Cobbe's title for a treatise which was intended for publication in a magazine, Miss Florence Davenport-Hill collected so large an amount of information upon the subject as to fill the modest volume which appeared in January, 1868. From this book Col. Grant of the Bath Board of Guardians was led to examine into the condition of pauper children, and his zeal and persistence in promoting the boarding out greatly aided the cause. Miss Preusser of Windermere learned from it what was already being done in Ireland and Scotland as well as on the Continent, and in 1870 obtained the signatures of more than 3,000 Englishwomen to a memorial, which was followed in November of the same year by a very important order of Parliament, sanctioning the boarding out of orphan and deserted children beyond their own unions, under the care of certified committees. Thus we find the system recommended by Miss Hill in 1868 adopted in its essential features in 1870 as a part of the Government System of Poor Relief, while the Poor Law Guardians of each district were left free to decide to what extent boarding out should be substituted for institutions within walls for their beneficiaries.

In consequence of the discussions which arose between the advocates of the old and of the new systems, Mrs. Nassau Senior was appointed by the President of the Local Government Board to report "as to the effect on girls of the system of education at pauper schools." Her report of 1874 illustrated and confirmed the statements in Miss Hill's book. She found that these girls too often proved inefficient and incapable when placed at service, and, having no other home to turn to, came back sooner or later to the workhouse unions, or dropped out of sight. Mrs. Senior's conclusions were strongly in favor of boarding such children out at an early age in private families of the working class.

Her recommendations met with bitter opposition from many quarters, which were answered by able arguments in their favor. Prof. Henry Fawcett, with other political economists, had opposed the plan from a fear lest it should render pauperism more attractive to parents, and give children of paupers an unfair advantage over those of the self-supporting poor, whereas the usual effect of boarding out was found to be the withdrawal of children by their relatives, who found in that system none of the allurements of the big school. As time went on, proofs multiplied of the soundness of the system, and we learn that in May, 1882, Mr. Fawcett, with characteristic candor, declared that his apprehension of evil was removed, and that the plan (provided, of course, that it was wisely administered) had won his approval. He wished his changed convictions to be made known (p. 204).

On January 1, 1888, there were more than a quarter of a million pauper children in England and Wales alone, constituting over one-third of the paupers of the country. The fact that these apparently insignificant little creatures are incapable of maintaining their own rights should appeal to our readers, who will doubtless agree with Miss Hill that the worth of different methods of education is to be gauged by their success in attaining the following objects, viz.: "(1) of depauperizing the children by enabling them to take their place upon an equal footing among the well-conducted laboring classes; (2) of securing to them the friendly interest of persons able to afford the protection and advice needful amid the temptations and difficulties with which they will inevitably be beset after they go into the world; (3) of affording such conditions of happiness in childhood as are consonant with justifiable expenditure from the public purse" (p. 324).

No one can read without righteous indignation of the sufferings of orphans in other countries in the Middle Ages, and the shifts that were resorted to to obtain money for them—first, by authorized begging; afterwards by the cruelly hard work of the children, who had to maintain themselves and the institutions. "Their only recreation was singing, chiefly hymns and psalms, and even this was at one time turned to account, for the music of the orphans was believed to be an excellent cure for all kinds of bodily aches and pains, a faith revealed by entries of payments for singing songs to different persons that they might obtain relief from toothache, bad eyes, etc." (p. 292). These wicked practices have long been disused, but the readers of Miss Hill's book can hardly fail to perceive the injustice that has been tolerated in later days as well. Under the guise of charity, and with benevolent intention, we have simply caged our pauper children, instead of giving their feeble powers a chance to expand under the influence of decent family life, with its homely cares and interests. We learn that this has been done at an unnecessarily high cost to the taxpayer, often rendering him but poor returns for his investment. On the other hand, we learn from these pages that the children of the State, when boarded out at an early age, outgrow their dependent condition, and become in most instances self-supporting members of the community, each provided with a home to which to turn for sympathy; in many cases working at a trade, and paying their own board to their foster parents.

The simple headings of the chapters must make further comment unnecessary in order to induce our readers to study for themselves this interesting volume, while its admirable index will be of value to special students: "The Workhouse as Home and School"; "Separate and District Schools"; "State Aid and Individual Help"; "Boarding Out in Ireland and Scotland"; "Boarding Out in England"; "Children of the State in the United States"; "Experience of the Colonies"; "Children of the State in Foreign Lands"; "Pauper Children," and "Ins and Outs."

Hints to Travellers. Edited by D. W. Freshfield and Capt. W. J. L. Wharton, R.N. London: Royal Geographical Society. 1889. xiv.-430 pp. 8vo. Maps and illustrations.

IN 1854, in consequence of the numerous questions addressed to them by intending travellers, the Council of the Royal Geographical Society requested the late Admiral Fitzroy and other gentlemen to consider what outfit might best be recommended to explorers. Their report was printed in the Journal of the Society, and separately circulated in pamphlet form under the title of 'Hints to Travellers.'

The exhaustion of the edition and its usefulness led, ten years later, to the preparation of an enlarged and revised work of the same nature by a Committee of the Council under the chairmanship of Sir George Back. Other editions followed in 1871 and 1878. The present edition has for its first object to furnish such help as may be possible within the compass of a convenient pocket book to the intelligent explorer who, in the hope of adding to geographical knowledge, has been at some pains to acquaint himself with the use of instruments. The hints on surveying, which form the principal portion of the work, have been contributed by Mr. Coles, the Society's map-curator and instructor in practical astronomy and surveying, formerly of the Royal Navy.

The high character of the work is indicated by the names of the contributors. Thus we find Mr. W. T. Blanford and Mr. E. B. Tylor, respectively, furnishing the chapters on Geology and Anthropology. Mr. H. F. Blanford has remodelled the chapter on Meteorology. The chapter on Photography in the last edition was the work of Mr. W. F. Donkin, who, in the High Alps, had had exceptional experience in taking photographs under circumstances of great difficulty both as to transport and exposure. This chapter has now been brought up to date by Capt. Abney. Surgeon-Major Dobson has contributed valuable notes on medical

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treatment and precautions. These contributions have not only been prepared by experts, but have been, before printing, reviewed by competent independent authorities on the several topics, with the consent of the contributors. Thus has been prepared a really invaluable compact little handbook, with flexible covers, of pocket size, printed on strong thin paper, and provided with two stellar charts and one of the lines of equal magnetic variation for the year 1890.

The chapter on Surveying is an excellent little treatise, in which many modern improvements for reconnaissance work have been incorporated. We think the stress laid on the use of the plane-table and the full explanations of its methods in field work an advance over any handbook of this kind yet printed. More emphasis might advantageously be put on the usefulness of the telemeter, or stadia, here referred to under the name (less familiar to American surveyors) of the tacheometer. The British surveyors are far behind those of the Continent and of America in their applications of this device, which is really the most useful and rapid means of making reconnaissance surveys yet invented. It would be well, also, to point out that the explorer may do away entirely with the glass covers of his artificial horizon in sextant work. A light wooden frame covered with gauze is equally efficient as a windbreak, and introduces no aberrations into the observations. There is no good reason why glass covers should ever be needed.

Under Outfit, it will be observed that the British explorer has a general tendency to paraphernalia. Among other things, "Tuckett's Insect Puzzler" may be referred to as an ingenious device which many of our campers would find convenient in most parts of America, during "fly time."

This little manual will be found useful, not merely for travellers and explorers, but for those who may spend a summer month in camp, may visit the frontier on business, or seek the woods for fish or game. While making no pretension to exhaustiveness, it covers well a good deal of the field, its several parts are prepared by able hands, and its usefulness is obvious. With this and the Admiralty 'Manual of Scientific Enquiry' most explorers would be sufficiently equipped in the matter of text-books.

A Lenâpé-English Dictionary. From an anonymous MS. in the archives of the Moravian Church at Bethlehem, Pa. Edited, with additions, by Daniel G. Brinton and Rev. Alb. Seqaqkind Anthony. Philadelphia: Historical Society of Pennsylvania. 1889.

No individual of the Delaware or Lenape tribe is now living in their ancient domain along the Delaware River, in New Jersey and in the eastern hilly portions of Pennsylvania; they have retreated to the wilds of Canada, to Lake Ontario, and to the northeast of the Indian Territory, in which tract about one-half of the seven hundred Lenape living there in 1880 spoke the native language. The Delawares are better known, and hence are more popular with the American public than many other tribes equally gifted and of the same prowess in war, simply because they have found an historian and others not. Ethnologists of the present day are endeavoring to atone for this injustice by studying the manners and customs of the more obscure American tribes, and by showing the public why they are entitled to as much consideration as the more "celebrated" national bodies.

The Delaware language is transmitted to us mainly in translations of Scripture and devotional books; the only extensive dictionary of it, that of D. Zeisberger, has been published by the liberality of Prof. Eben N. Horsford at Cambridge, Mass. (1887). Heckewelder's volume upon the ethnography and language of the tribe contains the historic information referred to above. While these authors have acquainted us with the Minsi, or literary dialect, now spoken by the majority of the people, another dictionary is now for sale containing the Unami dialect, and embodying about 3,700 terms recorded by an anonymous author. It is a handsome little volume, forming the first fascicle of the "Pennsylvania Students' Series," now in course of publication by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

The manuscript is the property of the Moravian Church at Bethlehem, Pa.; it is in the handwriting of the Rev. Mr. Kampman, who was missionary among the Canadian Delawares from 1840 to 1842, and made his copy at that time. Kampman did not know whose manuscript he was copying, but the preface of the new volume suggests that possibly a former missionary to the Delawares of Canada and to the Ojibways, the Rev. Christian Frederick Dencke, who died in 1839, was the author. While copying the manuscript of Kampman, more words were added from Zeisberger, Heckewelder, and Ettwein, and these additions, few in number, were made distinct from the rest by the initials of the contributors' names. After this, the manuscript was submitted to a native missionary of the Lenape, the Rev. Albert Seqaqkind Anthony, residing at the Iroquois reservation near Brantford, Ontario, Canada. Anthony suggested a considerable number of additions and emendations, all of which were adopted and duly distinguished. By presenting to the students a dialect of Delaware new to them, the book fills a gap in our linguistic literature, and in recommending it to our readers we at the same time express the wish that the next dictionary of that language may be conceived and executed from an ethnological point of view, by which alone full justice can be done to the rich linguistic treasures of any of our Indian languages.

Military Miscellanies. By James B. Fry, Brevet Major-General, U. S. A., retired, etc. Brentano's. 8vo, pp. 528.

THIS is a collection of papers published by Gen. Fry from time to time in military periodicals, magazines, and reviews. The articles embrace a wide range of topic and discussion, solid and light, but always instructive and entertaining. Gen. Fry has done well to collect them into a permanent volume, where they can be easily found as part of the material which history will always prize. They will be acceptable to all who are interested in the discussions arising out of the history of the war, for the treatment of theoretic questions is always clear and strong, and the controversial matter is handled with a sharp and lively pen. The author's opportunities for knowledge of the "inside history" of affairs in the War Department at Washington were exceptionally good, and some of his reminiscences are unique as illustrations of the character of Lincoln, Stanton, Grant, and other great figures in the war period.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aldrich, T. B. Wyndham Towers. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Austin, Caroline. Cousin Geoffrey and I. Scribner & Welford. $1.25.
Austin, Jane G. Standish of Standish: A Story of the Pilgrims. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Belloy, Marquis de. Christopher Columbus and the Discovery of the New World. Philadelphia: Gebbie & Co. $3.
Berg, L. De C. Safe Building. Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Blackmore, R. D. Lorna Doone: A Romance of Exmoor. With many drawings. Cleveland, O.: The Burrows Bros. Co.
Bleunard, A. Babylon Electrified. Philadelphia: Gebbie & Co. $2.50.
Bouchot, H. The Book: Its Printers, Illustrators and Binders, from Gurenberg to the Present Time. Scribner & Welford. $7.50.
Bridges, T. Homer's Iliad: A Burlesque Translation. Philadelphia: Gebbie & Co.
Bridgman, F. A. Winters in Algeria. Harper & Bros.
Brontë, Charlotte. Jane Eyre. London: Walter Scott.
Brown, T. E. The Manx Witch, and Other Poems. Macmillan & Co. $2.
Clark, H. H. Joe Rently, Naval Cadet. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. $1.50.
Clark, J. W. Cambridge: Brief Historical and Descriptive Notes. Macmillan & Co. $2.
Donahoe, D. J. A Tent by the Lake, and Other Poems. John B. Alden.
Drayton, M. The Poly-Olbion: A Chorographicall Description of Great Britain. Reprinted from the edition of 1622. Manchester, Eng.: The Spenser Society.
Eggleston, G. C. American War Ballads and Lyrics. 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.
Ellwanger, G. H. The Garden's Story. 2d ed. D. Appleton & Co.
Emerson, P. H. English Idyls. London: Sampson Low & Co.
Farmer, Lydia H. A Knight of Faith. J. S. Ogilvie. $1.
Garrett, E. Life's Long Battle Won. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.
Good Things from *Life*. Sixth series. Frederick A. Stokes & Bro. $2.50.
Graham, Mary. Margaret Ellison: A Story of Tuna Valley. Philadelphia.
Grinnell, G. B. Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales. *Forest and Stream* Publishing Co. $2.
Halévy, L. The Abbé Constantin. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.75.
Herrick, Christine T. Letters of the Duke of Wellington to Miss J. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.75.

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